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DORÉ'S DANTE.

J. R. THOMPSON.

THE illustration, by Gustave Doré, from the tenth canto of the *Inferno*, which is here offered to the readers of THE ALDINE PRESS, is at once one of the most powerful and one of the most ghastly of all the drawings which the daring French artist has based upon the immortal poem of the Italian master.

To many it may seem a profanation to say that Doré is in any department of art what Dante was in poetry. Yet as delineators of the horrible and the revolting, the imagination bodying forth its forms in the one case with the pen and in the other with the pencil, the two men may be named together. Though there are a thousand touches of beauty and tenderness in the *Divina Commedia*, which charm even those who read it only in the translations of Wright and Cary and Longfellow, such as make the opening of the eighth canto of the *Purgatorio*, which Gray imitated, a perennial delight, and though Beatrice is one of the purest and loveliest conceptions in all literature, it is upon the darker and sterner passions that Dante most likes to dwell, and his delineations of them are surrounded with the most shocking and repulsive images. Indeed these seem to have possessed a singular fascination for his mind. In like manner, Gustave Doré revels in setting before us fearful shapes of gloom, and never exhibits such dreadful power as when depicting rage and anguish and desolation in their direst forms. In his illustrations of the Bible, the pictures of pastoral life, of "Our Savior and the Marys," of His "Preaching by the Wayside," and of social festivals, such as the "Marriage in Cana of Galilee," are feeble when compared with the horrors his riotous fancy has conjured up and his strong hand embodied in the "Destruction of the World by Water," and "The Vision of Death." Mr. Ruskin, who denounces Doré's art as bad, as "of the Furies and the Harpies mingled, enraging and polluting," so that as long as you look at it, no perception of pure or beautiful art is possible for you, yet freely admits that it is bad, not in weakness, not in failure, but only in the terrible suggestions it makes to the beholder.

In the tenth canto of the *Inferno*, Dante and Virgil, in their progress through the shades, seek admission to the burning

city of Dis, and are at first denied, but soon afterwards, gaining an entrance, they pass by the grave where Farinata expiates his sins in fire, and at the instant are accosted by him rising in the midst of the flames.

In Mr. Cary's translation the lines are:

"He, as soon as there I stood at the tomb's foot
Eyed me a space, then in disdainful mood
Address'd me: 'Say, what ancestors were thine?'"



From the Doré Dante, by permission of

DANTE AT THE TOMB OF FARINATA.—DORÉ.

Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

The lines are thus rendered by Mr. Longfellow:

"As soon as I was at the foot of his tomb,
Somewhat he eyed me, and, as if disdainful,
Then asked of me, 'Who were thine ancestors?'"

The poet, in reply, having proclaimed his kindred, the unhappy Farinata defiantly declares that he had warred with them in life. To this Dante retorts that they returned from the conflict, while Farinata came not back. Presently the apparition of Cavalcante Cavalcanti rises, and, seeing Dante, asks for Guido Cavalcanti his son, the early and attached friend of the great master, himself a poet.

It is at the moment that Farinata appears above his fiery

bed that Doré represents him. The only light thrown upon the figures is from the flaming tomb, whose "ponderous and marble jaws" are open before them. The dark background of the illimitable gloom swallows up all else. Nothing can be more appalling than the vivid presentment of the intensest agony in the contracted muscles and the writhing form of the sufferer, forever consuming and yet forever uncon-

sumed. Even the drapery around him, the ceremonies of the grave, are made to partake of his own indestructibility. Doré has herein caught happily something of that strong realism in minute details, which is a characteristic of Dante, and which makes the *Divina Commedia* differ from the Miltonic representation of Heaven and Hell. The author of the *Paradise Lost* does not write as one who had himself traversed the corridors of Hades and ascended to the shining seats of the blessed, and his verse with all its sublimity is vague and general in its descriptions. But the Italian writes in the full belief that he has actually seen the inhabitants of the realms of perdition and the spheres of bliss, and his sincerity and earnestness of conviction takes a present hold on the reader. It is the account of a traveler rather than the rhapsody of a poet. No reporter ever more faithfully described an execution than Dante describes the agonies of the lost in the everlasting ice and the boiling pitch and the burning marl. If we may be pardoned for borrowing the slang of modern journalism, in speaking of so fearful a scene, we might say that Dante and Virgil are "interviewing" Farinata in the picture here given.

The passage from the *Inferno* is remarkable, also, as illustrating the intense personality of Dante in all that he wrote. He carried himself, his political opinions, his likes and dislikes, into his great epic, and herein he had his enemies at a rather serious disadvantage.

Farinata degli Uberti was a prominent leader of the Ghibelins in that long and fierce struggle they carried on with the Guelphs. Dante adhered to the latter faction, suffered much on account of his opinions, and wrote a large part of his work in exile. He felt bitterly towards the Ghibelins and their leader during all his life, and he wreaked his resentments in his undying verse. But he took no ignoble revenge, for he represents Farinata coming forth from his place of torment with a defiance as lofty and a spirit as unsubdued as when he bore the blade in earthly conflict.

The Aldine Press.

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MODERN TYPOGRAPHY.

THE useful and the beautiful are not, as some people would have us suppose, antithetic, but correlative—and a valuable object is none the less valuable when put into its fairest shape and surrounded by its most tasteful accessories. Augustus, in faded duster, packing goods or balancing the cash, down town, and Seraphina in *négligé*, and curl-papers, sorting the linen or helping mamma with the preserves, however useful and admirable in their way, are certainly not as charming as the same Augustus and Seraphina, at even-tide, gliding through the mazy waltz in all the silken glories of immaculate toilette. Good typography—it is almost a platitude to say it—is to books what dress is to men and women, it favors early recognition of their merit, and enhances our appreciation of it when recognized. Of the wide difference in the mental and moral effect of a *well-dressed* and an *ill-dressed* book upon an organism at all sensitive let any one judge who will take the trouble to compare a cheap Tauchnitz classic with the solid linen paper and majestic Porson type of the Oxford Press—or a school edition of Grote or Gibbon with the superb productions of Murray or Longmans. It is not too much to say that, with many people, the difference between an unattractive and attractive dress in books makes all the difference between reluctant and impatient labor on the one hand, and cheerful and absorbed enjoyment on the other. Matter of exciting but momentary interest, to be glanced over and thrown aside, the stock report, the daily journal, or the dime novel may, allowably, be carelessly printed—neither eye-sight nor temper suffers greatly under so brief a trial—but works of abiding value should be treated with all the lofty consideration due to their worth and dignity, it is a sort of *lèse majesté* to print valuable works in any but the most valuable dress. The great masters of old—the Elzevirs, Aldi, Baskervilles—recognized this, and while they gave a cheap and convenient form to the lighter works of the day, they spent their lives, let out their heart's blood, so to speak, in solemn and almost religious preparation of their editions of the great authors—those noble monuments of typography which still form the pride of the choicest public and private collections, and whose price may almost be rated at their weight in gold. In modern times the process of typography may be said to be rather extensive than intensive; there is infinitely *more* printing than a century or two ago and much more of a certain average goodness, but probably little or nothing in which we excel, if we even equal, the great masterpieces of the past. It would be difficult to estimate the amount of good done through the popularization of sound literature by cheap printing, but equally difficult, it may be feared, to judge of the wide-spread damage to eye-sight and nervous force from the same cause. Till within a few years the English printers, working for a large and wealthy class—the literary aristocracy of a magnificent empire—have been distinguished for preparing splendid but costly editions. For many years their tough, vellum-like paper and large, clean, glossy type have been the delight of scholars and book fanciers and the despair of American publishers. But the sceptre seems likely to pass from their hands; and, indeed, in this matter a general equalization seems going on throughout the world. While the English are devoting more attention to cheap yet fairly readable typography, such as Routledge's and Knight's, the French and Germans, with their splendid scientific and historical works, are close upon their heels, and in America, the Cambridge and Riverside presses, among others, are doing their best to raise the taste of the public without too seriously interfering with their pockets. In this matter we wish to be in the van. Every department of human exertion needs its models—its standard. The building of the "America" and the "Sappho," we are told, in some way improves the

build of all the coal-sloops and fishing-dories on the coast—and every milk-cart and express-wagon may some time be the better off for "Dexter" and "Lady Suffolk." We wish to be foremost in improving and popularizing the noble art which forms the theme of our article; we shall spare no pains, grudge no expense, leave no method unstudied, to prove that it is possible to make *typography*, in all its branches, beautiful and instructive, yet inexpensive. That the influence of such effort upon the progress of the art in this country will be felt we modestly hope; that our position is every day more appreciated we are glad to recognize; and it shall not be our fault if we do not merit the good old praise (which from the allusion to *points* must have been originally spoken of a printer)

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

GREEK ART.

[Extract from Henri Taine.]

A statue is a large piece of marble or bronze, generally upon a pedestal by itself; it is not possible to give it very violent gesture or passionate expression such as painting favors and *bas-relief* allows—the character would seem affected, arranged for effect, and we should risk falling into the style of Bernini. Moreover, a statue is solid; its limbs and trunk have weight—we can move round it; the spectator takes cognizance of its material mass. Besides this, it is generally nude, or nearly so; the sculptor must give the body and limbs equal importance with the head—he must love the animal life as much as the moral. Greek civilization alone has fulfilled these conditions. At this stage and in this form of culture, we are interested in the body; the soul has not yet subordinated it—thrown it into the back-ground—it has a value of its own. The spectator attaches equal value to its different parts, noble or ignoble—the chest, with its deep respirations, the strong flexible neck, the muscles, which sink or swell about the back, the arms, ready to cast the quoit, the legs and feet, whose energetic spring shall launch the whole man forward for the leap or the run. A youth in Plato reproaches his rival with his unpliant form and lean neck. Aristophanes promises the young man who shall follow his sage advice both health and physical beauty: "You shall always have a full chest, white skin, broad shoulders, and great legs. You shall live handsome and flourishing in the *palestra*, you shall saunter in the Academy under the shade of its sacred olives, crowned with flowering rushes, side by side with some virtuous comrade, perfumed with the fragrance of *smilax* and flowering poplar, enjoying the Spring, when the plane tree murmurs beside the ash." These are the pleasures and the perfections of a thoroughbred steed, and Plato somewhere compares young men to beautiful coursers, consecrated to the gods, and allowed to wander at will through the meadows, to see if instinct will lead them to wisdom and virtue. Such men would need no preparatory studies to view with appreciation and delight a form like that of the Theseus of the Parthenon or the Achilles of the Louvre,—the elastic planting of the body on the hips, the supple knitting of the limbs, the clean-cut sweep of the heel, the running net-work of muscles alive beneath the firm and polished skin. They would savor its beauty as an English sportsman appreciates the race, build, and qualities of his dogs or horses. They are not astonished to see him nude. With them modesty has not yet become prudery; their soul is not enthroned apart on its sublime heights, degrading and banishing from view the organs which do less noble duty; it neither blushes at nor conceals them, the thought of them excites neither shame nor smiles. Their names are neither obscene, nor provocative, nor scientific. Homer pronounces them in the same tone with the other parts of the body. The ideas they awaken are joyous in Aristophanes, but not filthy, as in Rabelais. They form no part of a secret literature at which the austere veil their faces and the refined stop their noses. They come up twenty times in one scene, in open theater, at the festivals of the gods, before the magistrates, with the *phallus* borne by young virgins, and itself invoked as a god. All the great natural powers are divine in Greece, and no divorce has yet been made in man between the animal and the spiritual.

THE VALUE OF THE STUDY OF NATURE.—"God Almighty," said one of the wisest of our race, "first planted a garden. And, indeed, it is the purest of humane pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man; without which buildings and palaces are but grosse handy-works." What sense of beauty, what inspiration of hope, what presence of the softer and nobler emotions of humanity can be expected to spring up within the bosoms of men and women who have been reared, from an unlovely childhood, as exiles and aliens from the face of nature? What gracious influence can smile on a squalid infancy, of which the only dismal play-ground is bounded by the wall and the gutter, in which the earth they tread is divided into court, and alley, and row, varied only by the sullen gloom of palisaded square or the selfish jostle of busy street? How can children reared in the unchanged jail of a great city, to whose experience land is divided into paths and streets, pavement and mud; sky consists of a few square yards of smoky canopy; and sea or far-stretching area of water are altogether unknown and undreamed of; how can such children, as they grow up from a neglected youth into a dangerous maturity, fail to exact from society some penalty for the loss of all that makes the glory of childhood?—*Builder.*

THE FOREST HILL.

B. G. HOMER.

I know a place on the forest hill
Where the breezes loiter so still, so still,
Through the leafy light so green;
But louder the birds with their warble soft,
As they rock themselves on the boughs aloft,
The glided leaves between.

The air is close in the house below,
And the garden flowers are set in a row
With artifice and care;
And when I have need to lighten my mind,
I climb to the height; for I know I shall find
Tranquil communion there.

I love the trees that grow upward so straight,
Springing erect with foreheads elate
From the sloping side of the hill:
So intently they strive toward the patient sky,
That, though the steep hillside would pull them awry,
They quietly have their will.

Yet let me not dream I wholly have fled
From the world of the living and dying and dead,—
From all its vexations and fears:
While here I am resting for struggles to come,
The struggles commence with the vampire hum
Of mosquitoes round my ears.

THE SMALL-TALK OF JOURNALISM.

R. R. BOWKER.

ONE of the wise men of the East—Boston, of course—the particular wise man, indeed, who discourses wisdom and other good things through the columns of the *Transcript*, said lately: "A good cook shows her talent by nicely dishing up mince meat, and a good paper is known by tact in serving the items." The items and the paragraphs are what we mean by "the small-talk of journalism,"—a species of small-talk which, though a modern invention, is quite as useful and quite as agreeable as that of society, which we suppose dates as far back as Great-ad infinitum-grandfather Adam and Great-ad infinitum-grandmother Eve,—who doubtless talked small-talk in Eden. So modern, indeed, is itemizing, at least its general use, that Mr. Charles H. Sweetser, who made it fashionable by doing so much of it in starting his *New York Gazette*, may almost be called the original Adam or at least the race-saving Noah of this department of journalism. To the "Minor Topics" of the *New York Times*,—from the start so pithy, pungent and telling as to excite general delight—may perhaps be ascribed the popularity of paragraphing. Just now, this "day of small things" is at its noon in the journalistic world, and there is scarcely a paper of any enterprise but does its share of "boiling down." Some have discarded the headed and heavy editorial entirely in favor of the shorter acephalous article, and, as the *Transcript* says, it is becoming quite the rule among journalistic jurors to render a verdict on a paper largely on the strength of its items.

That people should like these crisp, pointed statements of facts or of opinions is common-sense. Why should one tire his eyes and waste his time in wading through a wish-wash of words when one-tenth the number will put the matter more clearly and in fully as satisfactory shape before him? Who, indeed, wouldn't rather see a man disposed of neatly by a Minnie bullet, if he were forced to be witness of such a ceremony, than clumsily knocked to pieces by a hundred-pounder? and, to apply our little metaphor, who wouldn't rather see a subject of discussion done up in three lines when three hundred could do it no more effectually and would do it much less neatly? To drop our images,—and smash them, who cares?—nine subjects out of ten that come before an editor can be profitably disposed of thus briefly, and it is a relief to the mind and to the eye,—especially when one is fond of enjoying his paper in the cars or during breakfast or dinner interims,—to have the variety and *verve* which journalistic small-talk furnishes.

To the observant student of journalistic phenomena the itemizing field is one exceedingly interesting. The ingenuity, sharpness and humor of these knights of the *point* of the pen are brought to bear strangely enough sometimes. Like other people, however, they are apt to run in certain ruts, and when one sets the fashion of a special line of items, it is quite frequently as generally followed as are the dictates of the Paris authorities in fashions *de haut ton*. Within the last few months there has been quite a rivalry among the itemizers as to who could "kill his man" in most *outré* style, the palm being perhaps taken by the author,—adapter, we should say!—of the item that "a man in New Hampshire, the other day, ate fifteen dozen raw oysters on a wager. The silver trimmings on his coffin cost twelve dollars and thirty-five cents,"—a stroke of genius which was greatly admired, went the rounds of the United States, and is now quite likely floating around the European press, to come back to America in two or three years as something quite new and very funny, and to be started on the rounds again. A good itemizer, by the way, can usually tell when he is about to hit the public palate and can prophesy accurately which scintillations are and which are not to go the rounds. "Going the rounds" not unfrequently means half the papers in the United States and a dozen or so millions of readers. We could quote hundreds of this style of items from our collection without exhausting the supply.

Another delight of itemizers is in outrageously long names, especially if punnable upon,—for your true itemizer luxuriates in puns. In these names he revels. The itemizer of the *Detroit Tribune* once covered himself with glory by a col-

umn of items about people whose names were fearfully and wonderfully made. The discoverers of Lakes Holleyhunkemunk, Weeeyobacok, Mooselockmegantuc and Chauhungogungamug, Me., have the everlasting gratitude of the itemizing fraternity. So, too, has the post-office department, which furnishes funny addresses by the column-load. A gentleman with exuberant initials the craft is very glad to make the acquaintance of. Alliteration is a favorite device,—to one itemizer especially, who once got up an alliterative column. Chicago affords a vast fund for wit, in its divorce business, in which itemizers will insist upon believing the entire population to be engaged, while Cincinnati for its hoggishness, Boston for its hub-by, and Philadelphia for its suppositious slowness receive frequent attentions. "The oldest inhabitant" and "Washington's body servant," serve well to dish up over and over again in an emergency, and the enterprising itemizer, as a last resource, always has George Francis Train, Daniel Pratt and Susan B. Anthony to fall back upon.

The tactics of some itemizing editors, when "hard up" and obliged to "evolve out of the depths of their inner consciousness," which sometimes happens, are very amusing. One gentleman we could name, during the silver mining excitement and the petroleum fever inevitably fell back upon the statements that "three new silver mines have been discovered in Arizona," and "a new bore was commenced yesterday near Oil City." The three silver mines in Arizona became historic in that office, though the boring was not so thoroughly appreciated. The gentleman was accustomed to observe, with much force, that "the things were true, anyhow!"—which was quite necessarily the fact. It is not to be supposed however that an item to be good must be true.

Perhaps the sharpest itemizer in the country is he of the *Boston Post*, who is "All Sorts," but never out of sorts. The very "Personal" man of the *World* cuts close to him. The *Boston Advertiser* is "In General" very bright, as are also the editor who dabbles in "Persons and Politics Generally" for the *Detroit Advertiser* and *Tribune*, and the itemizing gentlemen of the *Chicago Tribune* and *Evening Post*. But it would be hard to exhaust the list of these pungent people,—the papers named are perhaps those which the well-posted itemizer, if he be lazy, first consults, and from which the most of the "floating fancies" are hooked.

It is a great pride of your itemizer to have a taking heading for his column. The author of "Hatched," "Matched" and "Dispatched," for births, marriages and deaths, is in his eyes a great man. The *Boston papers*, for the most part, are sedately matter-of-fact and go no farther than "Current Notes," "Brief Jottings," "Town Talk," "Noticeables," and the like. More indulge their fancies in such wild metaphors as "Telegraphic Sparks," "Cable Flashes," and "Fashion Frills." The lazy but honest members of the profession candidly head their columns "Strayed and Stolen," "Gleanings," "Mosaics," "Pickings and Stealings," others, having in mind the process of their making up, patronize "Chips," "Shavings," "Salad," "Mince Meat," "Hash," or "Fine Cut," according to their tastes. "Through College Halls," "Foreign Facts," "The Lecture Room," and "College Chat,"—for examples,—are simply descriptive. Then we have "Facts and Fancies," "Chit-Chat," "Piquancies," "Pleasantries," "Dibs and Dabs," "Marginal Mention," "Happenings Here and There," and "Pen and Inkings;" one paper hits off matters of the day with "News Pellets," and another delights its readers with "Jocal Jottings." Some papers find from their own names adaptable headings—"Sunbeams," "Starbeams" and "Twinklings," "Globelets." The *Philadelphia Bee* supplies "Bee Stings" for its enemies, "Honey Drops" for its friends, and "Condensoria" for neutrals. "The Evening Cricket" and "The Evening Gossip" have their chirrup and chat. And finally the Southern press is given to indulgence in such wild metaphors as "Fights and Things," "Broadax and Rapier," and "Flotsam and Jetsam."

Most of the itemizing papers have but one or two sets of items,—one for instance for general news and another for locals (for which, by the way, an enterprising Wisconsin paper got a reputation by offering a cent apiece for them), possibly a third for general gleanings. Some papers, however, carry the itemizing system into divisions and sub-divisions almost "too numerous to mention." The *New York Evening Mail*, which has never departed from its first love of small-talk, has "Spinings," not intended for yarns, but for editorial pleasantries and comments, "Transatlanticities," an extensive name for foreign paragraphs, "Short Paragraphs," "All Sorts," which includes selections of rather longer articles, "Watering-Place, etc., Chit-Chat," "Society Jottings," "Literary Notes," "Art Items," "Musical and Dramatic Notes," "Religious Miscellany," "Personals," "Personal Gossip," the latter being more general in range, "Freshest Gleanings," "College Chat," "Journalistic," "About Town," "Brooklyn Brevities," and "Jersey Jottings." The editor's drawer, in which most of these are collected and sorted, with its numerous little pens and bins, bears a striking resemblance to a bird's eye view of a cattle yard. To the uninitiated, which comprises all the world except the owner of said drawer, it is a miniature Cretan labyrinth.

Of course itemizing is not without its museum of special curiosities. The attempt to combine business with pleasure in the dexterous insertion of "ads." and "axes" among the items, leads sometimes to funny results, as in two items from a Philadelphia paper: "A Davis refrigerator distills pleasure through an entire household," "An air of happiness pervades Dr. Thomas' laughing-gas office." The same brilliant column gives the excellent advice "Do not confine your hens too

closely," though this, both as an agricultural maxim and as a matter of interest to the general public, is eclipsed by "Hoe, every one that planteth!" It was another paper, we believe, which got off the remarkable heading "Local notes at home and abroad." One will scarcely credit that this last hailed from the learned State of Massachusetts, but such is the sad fact.

We have given most of the space which it is allowable to take, to itemizing. Paragraphing, the other department of this small-talk, is perhaps more important, though scarcely so interesting to pick up facts about. A paper which heads this column "With a Comment or two," well expresses its object; it is this which has taken the place so largely of the old heavy editorials, so much to the improvement of our journalism and the delight of newspaper readers. We think a vast majority of the latter will join with us in the wish that it may be long before the day of small things in journalism draws to a close.

CONCERNING BELLS.

J. B. FULLER-WALKER, M.D.

HOLDING down the paper upon which this is written is a bar of bell-metal, several inches long by an inch in breadth and thickness, weighing a pound or more. It makes a good paper-weight, and has a history worth repeating. Once it hung in a Southern steeple, where, in times of peace, it gave forth mournful or merry sounds for funerals or weddings, or called out with a religious tone for people to observe the Sabbath day, as it chimed with the other church bells of the village. War came with all its horrors and necessities, and then the church bells were taken from their old cross-beams in the steeples, and sent to the foundry to be cast over into cannon and sheathing for rams and war-vessels. This paper-weight of mine once helped to cover the sides of the famous *Merrimac*, which made such havoc with the wooden-walls in Hampton Roads. It sheathed the vessel near the rudder, and has a hole through it where a bolt passed to hold it in place. After the war was over, the sheathing of this ram was sold to a bell-founder in Troy to be re-cast into church bells, destined, perhaps, to be set aringing in the Sunny South again, or upon the broad prairies of the far West. A friend rescued this bit of the sheathing from the smelting furnace, presenting it to the writer of this article. Holding, and looking at it, sounds of innumerable bells seem to reach our ears, producing a sonorous clangor as they utter a Babel of voices from all parts of the earth. From the wooden bells of the East, to the famous Bow Bells of London, and Trinity chimes of New York city, we hear a chorus of iron tongues which calls up many pleasant and, mayhap, some quaint reflections.

How attached we all become to bells, and how intimately their tones are blended with the psalm of life! With the progress of civilization, and the consolidation of society, bells play an important part in life. In some of our large cities and thickly settled towns they are constantly ringing. The church bell has many pleasant memories clustering about it, as it always throbs with the pulse of the people, bringing joy or gladness in its tones. As Miss Kimball has sung:

"Oh! how long we've chimed together,
In both fair and stormy weather,
Giving people kindly greetings,
As they gather to the meetings.

Oh! how oft we've raised a sighing,
For the dead and for the dying,
While we've rung a glad some voicing,
For the bridal pair rejoicing.

We have chimed through generations,
Through the rise and fall of nations;
We have rung for triumphs glad'ning,
Tolled for our disasters sad'ning."

In the towns of New England the church bell tolls at sunset for a death; it rings at the hour of nine in the evening for honest folks to go to bed; it sounds the alarm when some farm-house catches fire; it calls the people to church, and peals at Christmas-time, at the birth of the new year, and upon Independence Day! There have been other and more important times when the bells were set to swinging with a tone which alarmed the people, or told of great sorrows, and great rejoicings. Many of us living heard the bells toll for Henry Clay, for Daniel Webster, for Abraham Lincoln. Some white-headed men remember the joyful bells which rung when Lafayette made his last tour through this country, and the author of this article heard the village bells of Vermont toll as the body of old John Brown was taken through the Green Mountain State on its way to the grave in the Adirondacks. After the rendition of Burns in Boston, the bells of the ancient city of Worcester tolled for hours, while the troops assembled under arms upon the common. If a fugitive slave came flying through that city, on his way to Canada, and the telegraph told of the approach of his master, the bells in many a town in those days rang out an alarm which emptied the houses and filled the streets. When the first electric cable had stretched its thin wire from Ireland to Newfoundland, and Victoria indulged in an under-the-water *tête-à-tête* with Buchanan, all the bells from Portland to San Francisco rang as if their sides would crack. The land was brimming over with delight. So, during the rebellion, how often did the bells call the people to arms, after the news of a great defeat, perhaps in the dead of night, like the bell which Paul Revere set to ringing in Boston during Revolutionary times! Well do we remember how all the bells of the great State of Ohio rang out a call to arms one morning, when the city of Cincinnati called for the "squirrel hunters" to assist in driving back the invaders who were marching over the hills of Kentucky! These special cases of bell-

ringing are simply called up from the past as reminiscences of days gone by, never to return, let us hope. Those upon whose ears the pregnant tones fell, can never forget the strange sensations produced.

He who lives within the sound of a church clock becomes so attached to the striking of the hour, that if the "bony hand of the sexton" forgets to wind it up, a sadness steals over him, and he refuses to be reconciled until the wheels move again, and the flight of time is marked by sounds not to be mistaken. We believe these silver-toned bells repeated tales of hope and joy to Tom Moore, and that such were the "Bells of Shandon," and the "Bells of Lynn," falling on the poet's ear at Nahant.

The first "ring of bells cast for the British Empire in North America" came from Gloucester, England, and were placed in the tower of Christ Church, Salem Street, Boston, in 1744. For one hundred and twenty-six years these bells have "rung the old year out and the new year in," and their chimes are none the less sweeter or melodious to-day on account of their age. The people within sound of these bells have become as attached to them as the London cockney is supposed to be to Bow-Bells, and their removal would cause a great deal of regret. These bells have the reputation of being very sober, and it is said nothing but sacred music was ever chimed upon them, save once, about a quarter of a century ago. The steeple in which they are hung took fire, and threatened to burn down. Happily the flames were extinguished, but the excitement of the people was intense, and they would not go home until the bell-ringer had made them play "Oh, what can the matter be?"—a popular street song of the day. Should the steeple take fire in this year of grace, doubtless the bells would ring out "Shoo Fly, don't bodder me!"

The first bell cast in Boston was in 1792, by Paul Revere, and weighed about two thousand pounds. It is estimated that now there are annually cast in the United States about forty thousand bells of all sizes. This does not include sleigh-bells, dinner-bells, the jangling bells of the ragman, the tinkling bells of the street cars, sheep or cow-bells, the awful bell of the milkman, or the bells worn by clowns in the ring. The number of these is past estimating. What with church, school, college, car, steamboat, market, plantation, fog and factory bells, we can easily see what becomes of the forty thousand disposed of each year. The average weight of bells in this country is from one to five thousand pounds; beyond this size the depth of tone does not increase with the size of the bell. The largest bell in America hung a year or two ago in a frame-work tower in the rear of the City Hall of New York. It weighed some eleven tons, but getting cracked, it was broken up, and cast over again into smaller bells. The next largest bell in this country hangs in the Cathedral tower at Montreal. The bells in the fire towers of New York average about five thousand pounds each. The loudest and sharpest toned one hangs in the old historical stone tower of the Post Office at the corner of Liberty and Nassau Streets.

There are no very noted bells in the United States, if we except the old Independence bell of Philadelphia. Chimes have not yet become so common in this country as they are in England, where they may be heard in almost every country town. They are on the increase, however, and the day will come when good chimes will be common in all of our large towns. Perhaps the largest chime of bells in this country is in a Catholic Church at Buffalo. Rochester has a good chime of bells, and so has Cornell University at Ithaca. Newark has several chimes, and a fine one has just been put up in a Church in Orange Valley in New Jersey. St. Michael's Church in Charleston, S. C., had an excellent chime of bells before the war, but during the struggle they were taken down and sent to Columbia for safe-keeping. Perhaps a portion of them have found their way into our paper-weight.

The most famous chime of bells in New York city hangs in Trinity steeple, the largest of which weighs only three thousand pounds. These chimes always ring on New Year's night, Washington's Birth-day, the Fourth of July, and at Christmas. The masterly manner in which the bells are handled attracts a crowd, and we have often seen old Trinity filled with surging thousands at midnight on the thirty-first of December, listening to the joyful tunes pealing from the steeple. Seated upon the pediment of the Martyrs' Monument in Trinity church-yard, it fills our heart with enthusiasm to listen to the patriotic airs which float through the air on the morning of Independence Day, just as the sun comes up out of Long Island Sound, and the cannon go "boom, boom," from the forts in the harbor! These are the best circumstances in the world under which to hear "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean," "The Star-Spangled Banner," or "Yankee Doodle."

And the bells of Trinity chime at Christmas-time. Never more will the bells ring upon that eve, but that to me a note of sadness will mingle with their chimes. For he who taught the world the lesson of the festival, who preached a sermon of charity and love through all his writings—the hand that touched the bells of England and America, and made the whole world melodious with Christian as well as Christmas chimes, is cold and motionless forever. We bring a bunch of white flowers for the grave of Charles Dickens in Westminster Abbey!

It is related of Poe that he wrote the famous poem of the "Bells" under very peculiar circumstances. He was walking in the streets of Albany, late at night, in the midst of a driving snow-storm. The poem had "come to him," and he

was repeating it to himself, gesticulating, and longing for a pen and paper, that he might fix it beyond the possibility of its escaping. Seeing a light in a lawyer's office, he knocked at the door, and then, terrified at what he had done, retreated to the street. The negro servant opened the door, and reported to his master that a poor man in the street seemed to be beside himself. He was bid to call him in, when Poe apologized for the intrusion, and asked for a pen, ink, and paper, as he wished to write. These were furnished him, and while the lawyer was dreaming in bed, Poe was writing the "Bells." In the morning he departed, leaving the original draft of the poem with the Albany lawyer, who still has it in his possession.

Longfellow's "Alarm-Bell of Atri," just published, is much admired for the suggestive moral it contains. The alarm-bell was hung in the market-place for the benefit of the oppressed, who, on being treated unjustly, pulled the bell, and the King "caused the Syndic to decide thereon." Worn with use, the hempen cord was "mended with braids of briony, so that the leaves and tendrils of the wire hung like a votive garland at a shrine." A stray horse, who, after performing hard service, had been turned out into the streets to spend its remaining days, wandered that way, and famishing with hunger, grasped at the braids of briony. The ringing bell summoned the Syndic, who, having called the owner and examined the case, exclaimed to him: "This steed served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed to comfort his old age, and provide shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

Church bells in a large city like New York lose their charm. They are almost useless, and some of the churches have neither tower nor bell. If the four or five hundred churches of the city all possessed bells, the din and clash of a Sunday morning would be anything but euphonic or melodious. The Catholic Churches almost all have bells, many of them more than one, and many a Protestant in religion walks to his protesting church to the melody of Catholic bells. It has been noticed as a peculiar fact, that Catholics are fond of slow-swinging, ponderous, and grave-toned bells; the Episcopalians love merry, chiming bells; the orthodox New Englanders love sharp-toned, quick-ringing, duty-calling, up-and-doing bells. The plantation bells of the South have a half-muffled, lazy tone. Until recently, the Methodists of this country were not partial to bells. Now, however, they are purchasing largely, and, like the Catholics, prefer the grave tones.

It is doubtful if in any other country bells are so generally diffused as in the United States. We make them large enough, and loud enough for all practical purposes, and have not, as yet, run into any foolishness about big bells. The great bell at Erfurth, Germany, which weighs two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, is supposed to be the largest in the world, which was ever hung. The tongue to this bell weighs eleven hundred pounds, and is twelve feet long; the longest tongue, we venture to say, of which the world has any account. Moscow has two great bells. One of these hangs suspended in St. Ivan's tower, and weighs over fifty tons. It is forty feet and nine inches in circumference, and sixteen inches thick. My friend, Rev. W. H. Bidwell, editor of the *Eclectic Magazine*, who has often heard it ring, says it yields a grand and solemn tone—a deep, hollow murmur, like the lowest notes of a large organ, or the rolling of distant thunder, which vibrates all over the city. The great bell of Moscow, of which every one has heard, stands in a square of that city, like a monument. It is too heavy to suspend, and we do not know if it has ever been rung. It was cast in 1653, and weighs four hundred and forty-three thousand, seven hundred and seventy-two pounds. It is twenty-one feet, four and one-half inches high, twenty-three inches thick at the thickest part, and sixty-seven feet and four inches in circumference. Visitors are allowed to go inside of this bell, through

a large opening caused by a piece which fell out at the time of the casting.

Our space is too limited to notice all the celebrated bells of the world; a few must suffice.

In Nankin, China, there is a bell of cylindrical figure, twelve feet high, and seven and one-half feet in diameter. The largest bell in France used to hang in the Butter Tower of St. Mary's Church at Rouen. In the Cathedral at Antwerp there were thirty-three music bells, the largest of which was seven feet wide and eight feet high. A bell presented by King Edward III. of England, to St. Stephen's Chapel, weighed thirty-three thousand pounds. At one time the city of Bordeaux, France, was deprived of its bells on account of rebellion. When they were offered to the city again, the inhabitants refused to accept them, being glad to get rid of their noise.

Bells have been put to numerous uses. In the Greek Islands they announced the sale of provisions, and in the Greek camps they were rung at the post of each sentinel to keep him awake. At Athens they were used to call the people to sacrifice. The Romans used them to announce that the public baths were ready—a use they are not likely to be put to in America, since there are no public baths! Funeral bells were rung to strike terror to the evil spirits, who were supposed to be always hovering about the departing souls. In England bells used to be tolled at executions, and in our own country most mournful bells are used on the stages of our theaters for the same purpose. They always toll just as the

small fragments of wit you can muster. When you have roughly got the whole together into shape, you polish up; you cut off round the edges superfluous bits of paste and redundant phrases; you divide into paragraphs and mark out into portions to help; you smooth, and scrape out, and decorate with flowers of eloquence or macaroons and moulded buttons of crust; you varnish with whiteness of egg and glibness of style; and, when the whole is finished to your mind, in the shape of a fair copy and the dish of a neatly-trimmed tart, you send your handiwork or your *mindwork* to the oven or the printing-office.

Then comes the rub and the test; the proof of the pudding and the page is in the eating and the reading. If your composition be badly put together, the oven and the press will only make it worse; little cracks will gape open wide, and small weak places will become yawning holes. But, if your task has been artistically completed with a spontaneous touch of impulsive genius, it will often turn out better than you expected. You will be agreeably surprised at the result of your efforts, and will chuckle to find it read (or eat) so well. No man can judge of his own performances in their crude manuscript or uncooked state. Sometimes, however, bakers, or editors and printers, will spoil all when you don't deserve it. They will stick your pie or paper in a corner that is too fierce or too slow for it; they will keep it too long, till it gets heavy and loses its flavor. What you expected would be light puff paste proves a leathery and indigestible substance. Sometimes they will pull out the plums

and tit-bits, for mere mischief's sake, to show they are somebody with a right to have a finger in; but, against that we ought to set their frequent abstraction of tasteless morsels that are as much out of place as chips in porridge.

Occasionally they will make sad errata and fractures, which let out all your spirit, juice, sense, veracity, and gravity. The dropping of a letter or a burning hot patty-pan will make a mess of what was perfect when it came into their respective hands: indeed, the technical term for a confusion of types is the very thing;

printers call it "pi." For such misfortunes the only remedy is patience, seeing that both bakers and printers and cooks and periodical writers are but imperfect creatures at the best.

THE GREAT FALLS OF THE MISSOURI.—About 411 miles from its source the river passes through a narrow gorge called the "Gates of the Rocky Mountains." This gorge is nearly six miles long, and the perpendicular walls of rock which rise directly from the water to the height of 1,200 feet, are only 450 feet apart. For the first three miles there is only one spot where a foothold can be obtained between the water and the rock. The great falls occur about 145 miles below this point. They are, next to Niagara, the grandest on the continent, and consist of four cataracts of 26, 47, 19 and 87 feet perpendicular descent, separated by rapids. The whole fall is 357 feet in about 16 miles.

THE Ordnance map of England and Wales, on the scale of one inch to a mile, may be said to have commenced with the measurement of the base line on Hounslow Heath in 1784. The first engraved sheets were published on the 1st of January, 1801, and the last sheet was published on the 1st of January, 1870. It has therefore taken about eighty-six years for its completion. The railways opened have been marked upon the map to the end of 1869.

A CHINESE maxim says: "We require four things of woman,—that virtue dwell in her heart; that modesty play on her brow; that sweetness flow from her lips; that industry occupy her hand."



THE GREAT FALLS OF THE MISSOURI.—LAURENS.

head of the chief actor is supposed to fall off! In Italy bells used to be rung during great tempests, and on St. John's Day they were rung to put devils to flight. In New England housewives ring them to make bees stop their flight. Thus they seem to work both ways, as between devils and bees. In Cambridge, Mass., it is proposed to chime the bells on Christ Church every evening during the vacation at Harvard College, commencing at sunset and ending when darkness o'ermantles the earth and the villagers retire from their evening promenades. If this custom should become a common one in America, it would add much to the enchantment of many a sweet village, and doubtless have a genial and wholesome influence over the people. Let us have everything which will help to make our life pleasant, even to the chiming of "the bells, bells, bells," "ringing out the old, and ringing in the new!"

PEN AND INK PIES.

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

We profess a respect for literature, but we also love cooks. Well, what is writing an article, but making a pie? You roll out your crust, or general subject, which is a nutritious compound of wheaten flour, butter, milk, and useful knowledge. You prepare your fruit, or meat, or poultry, or special and novel information. You throw in a few bits of preserved quince, or anecdotes, or forcemeat balls, or happy illustrations. You sweeten to your taste with syrup, brown sugar, or amiable philanthropy; or you season with pepper, salt, and small remarks, dusting the interior of the paté with fine-chopped lemon-peel, aromatic herbs, and all the

THE ALPINE PRESS.

FALSTAFF AND HIS RECRUITS.

August, 1870.



FUNERAL HYMN.

[From the German of Sach.]

Come forth! come on, with solemn song!
The road is short, the rest is long;
The Lord brought here, He calls away!
Make no delay,
This home was for a passing day.

Here in an inn a stranger dwelt;
Here joy and grief by turns he felt;
Poor dwelling, now we close thy door!
The task is o'er,
The sojourner returns no more.

Now of a lasting home possessed,
He goes to seek a deeper rest;
Good-night! the day was sultry here,
In toil and fear;
Good-night! the night is cool and clear.

* Chime on, ye bells! Again begin,
And ring the Sabbath morning in;
The laborer's week-day work is done,
The rest begun,
Which Christ has for his people won!

A PLEA IN BEHALF OF OLD MAIDS.

M. C. M.

It is a sad and solemn fact, that Old Maids do not receive the sympathy which they deserve from the community at large; their trials are not understood, their sufferings are not appreciated.

If I shall succeed in awakening a little compassion for them, in the hearts of a hitherto thoughtless and unfeeling public, I shall feel that I have accomplished my mission upon earth, and shall rejoice in the reflection that I have not lived in vain.

No one seems to realize to what a height of moral heroism a woman must climb, before she can calmly confess that she belongs to the tabooed class. Gail Hamilton thought she had done a brave thing, when she commenced an article in the *Atlantic*, with the words, "I am a woman;" and so she had; but even Gail Hamilton dare not avow, as she might have done, without violating the truth, that she was an Old Maid.

Dear old Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, was the only man who ever manifested any real sympathy for the "anxious and aimless" ones, whom the great mass of people regard with indifference. He, good soul, proposed sending us all to Oregon, to seek our fortunes, in the shape of six feet, more or less, of surplus Western masculinity; and although his plan was never carried into operation, the memory of his benevolent purpose must ever live in the hearts of those he sought to bless. Let me enumerate some of the trials and deprivations that attend a life of singleness.

In the first place—since *gold* must always take the first place—an Old Maid must take care of her own money! Did you ever think of that, ye married dames? If not, just pause for a moment, and reflect upon the awful responsibility from which our kind and thoughtful law-givers have so completely relieved you. Your single sister cannot enjoy the sweet satisfaction of feeling that all her earthly wealth is safely stowed away in her husband's pocket, and that she has no possible claim upon it, or care in respect to it. She misses, too, that charming sense of uncertainty, which the married lady experiences, as to whether it still exists in the form of greenbacks, or has become converted into a fancy horse, or a share in the gold mines, recently discovered by the man in the moon. She is obliged to consider for herself how much money she wishes to spend, and what she will spend it for, and is deprived of the delightful tremor produced by asking some one else for it, and the gentle excitement of hearing the growled reply, "Money? You are always wanting money. Any one would suppose you thought I was *made* of money. How much do you want?"

Secondly, an Old Maid must take care of *herself*. She must decide for herself what occupation she will pursue, where she will go, when, and how long she will stay.

When she has returned from a visit to a friend, there is no husband waiting at home to greet her with the affectionate remark, "Why didn't you stay forever, while you were about it?" This care and responsibility, concerning her comings and goings, she can never escape.

What wonder that so many Old Maids live to a weary old age! I think there are few people who fully realize the value of matrimonial experiences, in assisting us to "Shuffle off this mortal coil."

In addition to the trials which I have mentioned, there are many others, hardly less severe, which an Old Maid is continually forced to endure. There are many little tragic incidents, which enliven and diversify the life of a married lady, that the unfortunate Maiden can never enjoy. At her home, all is quiet, dull, uninteresting. There is no one to kick off his boots into the basket of newly-ironed clothes, no one to throw the favorite cat out of the window, or to track mud over the freshly-scrubbed kitchen floor. No one to make a cheerful remark, if the biscuits are heavy, the pies too sour, or the meat overdone. There are no delightful gray woolen socks to darn, in the long evenings,—no patching of torn jackets,—no re-lining of old coat-sleeves.

But time and space would fail, should I attempt to mention all the peculiar trials to which we are subjected. Enough has already been said to convince any candid mind that there is, in reality, almost nothing to relieve the monotony of an Old Maid's life.

In conclusion, I can only exclaim, in the words of a well-known poem,

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old"—Maid!

A TRAVELING ACQUAINTANCE.

It is highly important to those who travel from London to Edinburgh in a day, and who cannot read or go to sleep in a railway carriage, to secure for themselves an agreeable traveling companion.

Having to take this journey very often, and laboring under the above disadvantages as I do, the practice of looking out for eligible fellow-passengers, at King's Cross or Euston Square, has made me pretty perfect in my judgments. The most cursory of glances suffices to convince me of Who's Who, in the nine, a. m., in the case of four-fifths of its live stock, whose rank and situation I can approximate to with the fidelity of a collector of income-tax, and whose very opinions I can often predicate without giving them the trouble of opening their lips.

Four-fifths of the human race—or, at all events, of so much of it as travels in the first-class by railway—can be assorted in about half-a-dozen pigeon-holes, and when you have seen a specimen of each description, you have seen all, the rest being but duplicates.

Club foggy, army swell, man of business, country gentleman, parson, and individual with a grievance; very nice people all, without doubt, and may they live a thousand years at the very least, but just conceive an eleven hours' journey in the same carriage with any one of them! Of the gentler sex I say nothing, save, bless their hearts, and may they never grow a day older! For as to being shut up for eleven hours with the same female, I am very sure that the honor would be altogether too much for me.

My sphere of choice, then, being thus narrowed to one-fifth of the human race (male) who travel in first-class carriages, and my eye being, as I have said, unerring, I generally choose the carriage which is occupied by the most intelligent man in the train. I never indeed made a mistake, that I can remember, but once, when, at the same instant in which I deposited myself and my carpet-bag in a carriage, the individual whose appearance had captivated me, walked straight out of it with his hands in his pockets.

On Tuesday, the twentieth of July last, I had occasion to set out northward, as usual, from Euston Square. I was a little late and hurried, and there was not a very varied collection of passengers to choose from. As I walked hastily by the side of the already occupied carriages, the unthinking guard would, in his impatience, have twice consigned me to durance vile—once in company with a whole juvenile family, who had already commenced eating and smelling of ham sandwiches, and once with no less than five Caledonians, only waiting for an Englishman that they might begin to dilate upon the perfections of their native land. I cast myself into the last through-carriage in despair, and without so much as looking before me. It was probable that my luck would be better; it could hardly, as may be imagined, at all events, be very much worse.

Beside myself, the carriage had but one other occupant; a young man of an altogether gentlemanly appearance, except, perhaps, that his clothes looked suspiciously new, and his hat somewhat too glossy. He was not reading the *Times* so intently but that he could spare a scrutinizing glance at the new arrival, as I rammed my carpet-bag under the seat with my hands, and kept a pretty sharp look-out, under my right arm, on him. When I rose, he was again buried in—yes!—in the advertisement sheet. The gentleman, then, had probably some good reason for concealing his talent for observation. Nobody who is not in want of a situation gets wrapped up in an advertisement sheet; and my companion, I felt sure, was in want of no such thing. His profession, whatever that might be, had been settled long ago, and the fishing-rod and guide-book which reposed over his head disclosed a young gentleman with money to spare, who was about to take a summer holiday among the trout streams of the north. One circumstance which occurred just after we started, persuaded me that he must needs be a lawyer (and, indeed, as afterwards turned out, his pursuits did somewhat partake of the nature of that calling) so much did it smack of ready reasoning and practiced acuteness. Leaning out of the window as the train began to move, the wind carried away his glossy hat, whereupon, instead of sitting down forlornly, and muttering Good gracious! or Confound it! the young man seized upon his hat-box and launched that after the missing property.

"My hat-box," he explained, in answer to my stare of amazement, "has got my Edinburgh address in it, but my hat has not. The one is of little use without the other, and it is probable, since we have barely left the station, that they will both be found and forwarded to me by the next train."

Here was an original! Here was a grand exception to five-fifths of the human race who travel in first-class carriages! I hugged myself at the notion of having secured so promising a companion, and that, too, after such a couple of previous escapes.

"But how do you know?" I urged, because I had nothing better to say, and was determined, at all risks, not to suffer the conversation to drop; "how do you know that somebody won't steal them?"

"I don't know," replied the other, with a contemptuous dryness, "but I do not think it probable; the articles would fetch so small a price that the reward would be likely to be quite as remunerative as the swag itself, and, of course, without the risk."

The swag! Did anybody who travels first-class ever hear such an expression? I was a good deal piqued, also, at the tone of annoyance in which he spoke, and I replied, tartly:

"I don't understand thieves' logic nor the language either."

"Ah, I do," responded my companion, carelessly. And he resumed his paper.

We had passed Rugby, and were flying through the dark dominions of King Coal, before either of us again broke silence.

"Come," cried my bare headed acquaintance, suddenly, "there is no occasion for us two to quarrel; only nothing puts me so out of temper as to see a man proud of his ignorance. Now, you are a keen long-headed fellow enough, I can see, but you don't know anything."

"Perhaps not," I replied, still annoyed by the man's manner, and at the unaccustomed position of second fiddle, in which I found myself; "but I have really no ambition to learn thieves' logic."

"What a type of the respectable classes of this country you do afford," mused the other coolly, "in this your excessive obstinacy and conceit. You have no ambition to learn, and yet, I dare say, that you, yourself, are concerned, either directly or indirectly, in endeavoring to diminish crime, and to put down the profession of roguery. You help to elect a member of parliament who votes upon social subjects; you subscribe to benevolent associations, for the moral rescue of criminals; you consider the convict question to be an exceedingly important one, and yet you—" Here this irreverent individual absolutely burst out laughing. "What would you think of a doctor, now, who had prescribed for a patient into the particular feature of whose case he had really no ambition to inquire?"

"I am not a doctor!" I roared, out of all patience; "and I wish all the thieves in England were to be hung to-morrow."

"The country would be very sadly depopulated," replied the other, impassively; "you and I would certainly never meet again."

"This is downright insult," I exclaimed, with indignation; "I shall take care to change carriages and company at the very next station."

"Nay sir, I meant no offence," responded my companion, gravely; "I referred only to myself as being doomed to be cut off in the flower of my days, if your wishes should be carried into effect. I have been a pickpocket from my very cradle, and," added he, after a pause, "I am thankful to say that I have not been altogether unsuccessful in my vocation."

I was startled for an instant by the man's seriousness, and instinctively—although he was at the other end of the compartment—looked for his wicked hands. They were lying in his lap before him, neatly gloved, one of them still holding the paper.

"Ah," he said, smiling, and at once comprehending my glance, "these are nothing. They are merely my whitened walls, my outside respectabilities, my ostentatious charities, my prayers before my business proceedings. We have our little hypocrisies, like the commercial world. See here," he rose up to his full height, and the two lemon-colored aristocratic hands fell on the floor with a third. "Here are my natural digits," he continued, producing another set of digits ungloved, and not particularly clean; "nobody can suspect a man of picking pockets who always keeps his hands before him, and reads the City Article in the *Times*."

"You were reading the advertisement sheet," I said, intensely interested, but still inclined for contradiction.

"Yes, sir," he retorted, "because I saw that pretence of that kind to a person of your intelligence would be futile. I always change my tactics with my company."

I began to feel very tenderly for this poor fellow, whom doubtless circumstances had driven to his present dreadful calling, but whose mental endowments had evidently fitted for far better things.

"But why," I urged, "not have picked my pocket, my good young man?"

"Because, sir," he answered, "I am now bent on pleasure, and not on business, unless something very enticing should come in my way; open and unreserved conversation, too, such as I felt I could indulge in with you, is to one in my situation" (the poor fellow sighed) "too rare a happiness to be easily forgone; besides," he added, re-assuming his natural tone, "you don't carry your bank-notes in your pocket at all."

I felt myself glowing all over as red as beetroot or boiled lobster, but I managed to articulate as calmly as I could, "Bank-notes! ah, that's a good joke. I very seldom have anything of that kind to carry, I'm sorry to say."

"Yes, but when you have?" interrogated the other, slyly.

"Well, sir, when I have, what then?" I retorted, with assumed carelessness.

"Why, what a very strange place!" remarked he, very slowly and impressively; "your neckcloth seems to be for keeping them safe!"

"How the devil did you come to know that?" I cried in astonishment.

"What does it signify? What can be the value of thieves' logic?" he answered, derisively. "I am sure you can have no ambition to be informed."

"Pray tell," I entreated, "pray tell; I humbly apologize." I had very nearly robbed myself of a most interesting conversation through my own ill-humor. "It is very true that I have a number of Scotch notes in the place you mention, which my purse would not hold; but what on earth made you discover it?"

"It was very simple reasoning," he replied, "and scarcely needs explanation; stiffeners are seldom worn now, and yet your neckerchief had something in it; you were anxious about that something, and put your fingers to it involuntarily a dozen times; it was not through solicitude for your neat appearance, for you never touched the bow of it; nor did the

thing misfit you, or tickle your neck, because, instead of scratching, you simply tapped it, as a man taps his fob to be assured—there, you're doing it now—of the safety of his watch."

"What a fool I am!" I exclaimed, testily.

"Nay," said he, "it would be more civil to compliment me upon my powers of observation."

"I do compliment you," I replied, with candor. "I think you an exceedingly clever fellow."

"Well," said he, "it is not for me to speak about that; I know a thing or two, doubtless, that may be out of your respectable beat, and I dare say I could put you up to the time of day in several matters."

"Put me up to it," I cried, with enthusiasm, and parting with my last ray of superciliousness; "I am as ignorant as a peacock, I feel; do, I entreat you, put me up to it."

Whereupon, I am bound to say that my companion communicated to me such an array of interesting facts regarding his calling as would have shamed a parliamentary blue-book, and beguiled the way for hours with conversation, or rather monologue, of the most exciting kind. Lord Byron states that one of the pleasantest persons he ever met in his life was a pickpocket, and I hasten to endorse his lordship's opinion with my own. I felt all that satisfaction in listening to my nefarious acquaintance which belongs to an intercourse with an enemy during a temporary truce; the delight which a schoolboy feels in playing at cricket with his pedagogue; or the pleasure which is experienced when a bishop happens to join, for once, in the chorus of one's own comic song. So affable, so almost friendly, an air pervaded his remarks, that the most perfect sense of security was engendered within me. I could scarcely imagine that my agreeable companion could have ever been in reality concerned in a fraudulent transaction, and far less in any deed of violence.

We had just left Preston, and he was concluding a highly interesting account of how bad money was circulated in the provinces, when a sudden thought struck me, to which, nevertheless, I scarcely liked to give utterance. I felt exceedingly desirous to know exactly how garotting was effected, yet how was I to put such a question to so inoffensive and gentlemanlike a scoundrel? At last I mustered resolution enough. Did he happen to have heard from any acquaintance who, through misfortune or otherwise, had failed in the intellectual branches of his profession, how the garotte was effected? I trembled for his answer, and half repented of having said anything so rude as soon as the question had left my lips. He, however, did but blush slightly and becomingly, smiled with the confidence of a master in some art who is ignorantly interrogated as to his knowledge of its first principles, pulled up his false collar with his real hand, and thus delivered himself:

"Why, singularly enough, sir, the garotte is my particular line."

My satisfaction at this avowal was, as may be imagined, complete. It was like the question about Hugoumont mooted among the omnibus passengers, being referred to the strange gentleman in the corner with the Roman nose, who turned out to be the Duke of Wellington.

How eloquent did my fraudulent friend become about this his favorite topic! What spirit he threw into his descriptions! What hair-breadth escapes from the police and other intrusive persons interrupting him in the pursuit of his vocation, he had at various times experienced! Left alone with his man, he had rarely indeed been unsuccessful. Once, however, with a gymnastic gentleman—a harlequin, in plain clothes, returning home from the theater—who had thrown a somersault clean over his head; and once with a stout party from a city dinner, who had no neck—positively none—to afford the operator a chance, and who bit my poor friend's arm in such a manner that it was useless for weeks afterwards.

"And you did these feats of yourself and without any assistance?" I inquired, with some incredulity.

"Quite alone, sir," replied he, "but, in all cases, the garottes were several inches shorter than myself; with a man of your size, for instance," and he laughed good-humoredly, "it would be almost an impossibility."

I laughed very heartily at this notion, too. Would he be so good as to show me, just to give me an example how the thing was done?

"I throw my arm from the back of your neck, like this," said he, suiting the action to the word, but with the very greatest delicacy of touch. "You are sure I am not inconveniencing you?"

"Not at all," said I. "Go on."

"I then close the forearm tightly. Stoop a little lower, please; thank you, and compress the windpipe with—"

Where was I? Why was I lying on the floor of the carriage instead of sitting on the corner seat? Why was my neckcloth unfastened, and where were the bank-notes which it had contained? These questions, in company with many others, presented themselves to my mind as the train glided into Carlisle Station. Above all, where was my agreeable companion? I knew by the unerring Bradshaw that the train stopped nowhere between Preston and—Yes, but it did, though, just for one minute at the junction of the Windermere line, to drop passengers, although not to take them up.

"Guard, guard!"

"Yes, sir; Carlisle, sir. A quarter of an hour allowed for refreshments."

"Don't talk to me of refreshments," I cried hoarsely. "Did a man from this carriage get out at Oxenholme?"

"Yes, sir; very gentlemanly young man, with fishing-rod and a landing-net. A lake tourist. Asked whether there was a trout stream in that neighborhood."

I have not quite settled yet, in my own mind, whether the

yet most tasteful Frenchwoman who ordered her cap made "so that it should not excite a thought," has long been of the things of the past; feminine toilette, now-a-days, aims not to blend or to enhance, but to conceal or to substitute; if it cannot charm, it dazzles or astonishes. In this field it is natural that the pretty horsebreaker should be foremost. It is the object of her life to attract admiration, if Fate so wills it, but attention at any cost; for her, not to be brilliant is dangerous,—to be tame or obscure, total ruin. Under her hands it is natural that every fashion should take on a certain character of splendid exaggeration;—sharp contrasts, glowing colors, striking and unusual forms, affected grace or equally affected ungracefulness—these are the main weapons in the armory of the Quartier Breda. Her success is commensurate with her talent and audacity; in dress, jewels and equipage the *Marquises de la Fourchette* bear away the palm from the *Marquises of the Faubourg*, and "Chic," that impalpable but awful Divinity, scorning his ancient shrines at the Tuileries or in the Rue du Bac, hovers lovingly over the *Chaussée d'Antin* and the Rue du Helder. 'Twere enough for safety if their success were created or acknowledged only by the men for whom their toils are set; but what triple triumph when their prouder and purer sisters join in the homage, and confirm their victory by that dearest testimony—a rival's envy—and imitation! In this matter we are not at liberty to refuse the concurrent evidence of modern French literature; later satirists are fond of painting the *grande dame*, the acknowledged leader of fashion,

watching and imitating through back-stairs channels, the meretricious luxury of some *Dame aux Camélias*, whom she must not even look at by the Lake or at Longchamps; and when, by the death or retirement of one of these reigning divinities of the half or quarter world, her valuables are brought to the hammer, her door, we are told, is beset by coroneted equipages, while her boudoir is ransacked, her habits scrutinized, and her trinkets chaffered for by haughty dames who, under other circumstances—it is charitably supposed—would have blushed to hear her mentioned.

Fashion's telegraph is swift, and her electric current marks Paris or Vienna time on the New York dial. Observant foreigners or Americans from abroad declare that on Broadway and the Avenue, toilette and manner afford as little criterion of character as in the Bois or the Ringstrasse; the eye refuses to distinguish among the brilliant promenaders those whom we are bound to honor from those whom we should abhor and avoid. The enthusiastic American who believes—as who would not

wish to believe?—that his countrywomen are as pure and single-minded as they are fair, still finds it hard to shut his eyes to a sort of over-splendor, a certain loudness in the varied toilettes of the promenade or the drawing-room. Gradually the conviction comes to his reluctant soul that American women—New York women, at least—are beginning to show in dress, perhaps even sometimes in demeanor, a slight but undeniable tinge of *demi-monde*. Startling as the phenomenon may be, he will not readily ascribe it to anything worse than ignorance, thoughtlessness, or that love of imitation and passion for display which cynics will have to be a radical trait of the female character. We need hardly philosophize very deeply on the subject—we are not arguing, but noting facts. Still less would it be discreet to offer labored suggestion or advice; for that we may safely trust the awakened taste and good sense of the fairer part of society. Perhaps, however, we may be pardoned for citing, in this connection, a spicy squib from a French journal. A certain clever man about town was lately struck dumb by hearing that the facile fair had unanimously determined to eschew diamonds, laces, cashmeres—the whole artillery of feminine attraction, and appear at theater, ball, or *souper fin* graceful in chaste simplicity. Aghast, he hurried to one of the reigning beauties of the quarter for an explanation. "Why, you see, my dear fellow," was the cool reply, "we're tired of being confounded with the modest women!"

The story may be left to enforce its own moral.

It has been estimated, after giving a good deal of attention to the subject, that the whole amount of fortification wall in China, if put together, would build one 20 ft. high and 10 ft. thick entirely round the globe, and would require 5,000 men to work steadily for 2,000 years to accomplish the work.



A ROMAN FARM-YARD SCENE.—C. H. POYNDESTRE.

[See page 92.]

thing was planned from the very first, and the lost hat itself—which was not claimed—a portion of the diabolical plot; or whether the intentions of my companion had been really honorable until I was fool enough to put a temptation in his way, which he could not resist. It was like placing the Bloomer suit of armor in the chamber of Joan of Arc, and expecting that she would keep to Crinoline and the small bonnet in preference to that martial costume to which she had been so long accustomed, and in which she looked so becoming. Previous to the outrage, the man's conduct had been certainly quite irreproachable. He reasoned, too, perhaps, that since he had so fully "put me up to the time of day," I should have no further occasion for my gold repeater. At all events, my traveling acquaintance had taken that away with him.

FASHION'S VAGARIES.

CHARLES CARROLL.

HYPOCRISY, we are told, is the homage which vice pays to virtue; but what shall we say of that entirely modern tendency by which virtue does homage to vice, and innocence dons the mask and flaunts in the second-hand graces of effrontery? There has long been an impression, soothing, but illusive, that Paris fashions were determined by the Empress and her court. Cynical observers have rudely dispelled the pleasing error; we learn with dismay that the forming influence in these matters comes not from the world *comme il faut*, but from the world *comme il n'en faut pas*; not from Mesdames de Metternich or de Mouchy, but from Cora Pearl and Rigolboche. In some regards this is probable enough. The sound principle of that most philosophic

AMERICAN ENGRAVING.

Among the illustrated papers of this country, *The American Agriculturist* is far ahead of its contemporaries in taste and attention to true art in its engravings. The enterprising publishers give, with each issue, at least three large pictures of general interest, as well as many smaller cuts. By their courtesy we are enabled to give to our readers two elegant specimens of their style. We quote from the *Agriculturist* the following descriptive matter:

A ROMAN FARM-YARD SCENE.

This spirited scene, so foreign in its whole air, yet so thoroughly agricultural, affords us a fine opportunity to present the chief peculiarities of form, which distinguish the cattle of Italy. A herd of cattle, which had been turned out upon the Campagna to graze, have been collected by horsemen, and, excited by their halloosings, have rushed, impetuously following their leader, into the wrong enclosure, to the dismay of the occupants of the quaint court-yard, with its odd old well, and shrine of the Virgin, before which hangs the ever-burning lamp. The artist has thrown great character into his animal figures; and the spirited piece of by-play between the hay-laden horse, the ass, and the goat, introduced boldly into the center of the picture, is a great success, and does not detract from the effect of the alarming incursion of the cattle.

THE FLUSHED PARTRIDGE.

Whir-r-r.—Bang.—Bang.—Not a feather touched! It is hard to miss so fair a shot, yet we do not envy him who can pick up the still warm bird—its flight for life and freedom cut short, without an emotion of regret blending with the pleasure felt in having made a good shot and bagged the game. Our sympathies for it, as it wings its whirring flight over some barrier the sportsman cannot pass, heal the pang of regret at having touched the trigger with too nervous or careless a finger.

This beautiful dweller in the mountains and forests, common also in the woodlands and along the embowered rivulets of New England and the Middle States, is familiar to almost every one, either in the woods or in the markets. It is the Partridge of New England, the Pheasant of the Middle States, and is properly called the Ruffed Grouse, (*Bonasa umbellus*). The dark neck feathers, when spread, form a ruff almost like Queen Elizabeth's, and the tail is banded with black and gray. The motions of these birds, when in the wild woods and unsuspecting of harm, are charmingly graceful and courtly, blending dignity and ease. The step is proud, light, and free, and they daintily poise themselves a second on each foot, as they trip along. During the spring and summer the males are very strutting and fussy, and are apparently fond of a peculiar exercise, namely, standing upon a log or fallen tree, and beating with their wings in a way to produce a peculiar sound, which begins slowly and ends like the roll of a drum, and is called "drumming." It may be heard a long distance. The young, until several weeks old, are strikingly like little chickens, and the hen partridge has the same maternal ways as a common hen, as she leads about her downy brood. They remain in or near their haunts the year round, occasionally descending into the orchards and farm enclosures for food in severe winters. They often dive into light snow, burrowing rapidly to escape pursuit, and also shelter themselves in this way from very severe cold during winter nights.

CHILDREN'S QUICK APPREHENSION.—Grown persons are apt to put a lower estimate than is just on the understanding of children: they rate them by what they know, and children know very little, but their capacity of comprehension is very great; hence the continued wonder of those who are unaccustomed to them at the "old-fashioned ways" of some lone little one who has had no playfellows, and at the odd mixture of folly and wisdom in its sayings. A continual battle goes on in the child's mind between what it knows and what it comprehends. Its answers are foolish from partial ignorance, and wise from extreme quickness of apprehension. The great art of education is so to train this last faculty as neither to depress nor over-exert it. The matured mediocrity of many an infant prodigy proves both the degree of expansion to which it is possible to force a child's intellect, and the boundary which nature has set to the success of such false culture.

Topics of the Month.

ART.

THE studios are all but deserted. The artists, with few exceptions, have taken to the hills or the sea-side to work or play, or both. There are those whom we could name to whom the summer vacation is the busiest time; those who come home with fat portfolios filled with elaborate studies made late and early in their wanderings—the men of whom we hear at Academy Exhibitions, whose pictures sell and whose fame advances; and there are those also who mingle in the crowd at Long Branch, at Newport, at Saratoga, who climb the mountains too a little, fish the valley streams a little, and do nothing in the pleasant places a great deal—and these are those of the lean portfolios, of whom we don't learn much that is pleasant to listen to or read. The works of these gentlemen are mainly compositions of which the component parts are not their own. How they manage to convert their idleness into bread and butter in sufficient quantity to enable them to hang on to the profession, it is difficult to understand; how they manage to obtain the wherewithal to summer it, is the profoundest mystery? Probably these are the Harold Skimpoles of Art, who have their good John Jarndyce to pat them on the back and buy their pictures. And yet, after all, our admiration of the first class is not unqualified. We believe in the artist taking advantage largely of the season for recuperation; in his securing the happy medium between rest and work; such as brings him home to us and to his studio with sun-browned cheeks and the wherewithal in sketch-book, on canvas, and stowed away in the cunning warehouses of the brain, to make us glad, as with the wealth of sunshine, in the dreary winter-time. Of those who happily combine their *otium cum opere*, we might note a few for gossip sake. James Hart summers at Elizabeth-

is so is owing to that miserable apathy on the part of Academicians which permits the business of the Academy to be mismanaged to-day as it has been for years. And all this in the face of their hallelujahs about reform. This Summer Exhibition, which was to be such an one as to represent our artists fairly to the summer visitors to our great city, has not a dozen presentable pictures in it which have not been exhibited at the Spring Exhibition. In fact, it is made up of those of the Spring Exhibition which the artists were willing to leave behind them, a dozen or so sent in by a confiding few, and a number of wall flowers resurrected from the basement to cover the bare places. Had the Council of the Academy, those with whom it is presumed the ordering of things for an Exhibition lies; had the Council, as was suggested to them, announced that the Summer Exhibition, was to be free to the public four days in the week, they would not have had to complain that the artists failed to send pictures for exhibition. We know ourselves of fifty paintings, at least, which would have found their way to the Academy walls in support of the effort to make the exhibition a popular one. The artist knows the value of having his work well talked about. He likes the praise for its own sake and he appreciates the value of the advertisement. And, however hopeless of sale, he would prefer sending his latest picture where, during his absence from the city, it would be seen by fifty thousand people, to locking his studio door upon it. But he declines to send it to the custodianship of those who take no steps to bring the painter and the people closer to each other, but who, on the contrary, adopt the means precisely to keep them apart. Hence the beggarly show at this writing at the Academy; and hence the fraud perpetrated upon all who pay the entrance fee to the Exhibition, assuming that the Summer Exhibition means something more and something different to what they saw when they paid the like sum to see the Spring one a month or two ago.

The large painting by Albert Bierstadt, to which we have briefly referred, has just reached the artist's studio in Tenth Street, where it is on private exhibition. It was painted at his home in Irvington, from studies made during a recent tour of the extreme Western States. The canvas measures some seven by five feet, and the subject is "The Head Waters of the Black River," Wind River Mountains, California. This painting does not lack the scenic beauty which distinguishes this artist's work, but this is its highest claim to admiration. Nature, with Bierstadt, always looks as if she had been just swept with a new broom. Here we have a placid lake in the shadow of the hills whose summits are among the clouds; in the middle distance, the edge of the forest which skirts the lake, in the foreground the shallow margin fringed with reeds and spreading upwards a stretch of rich verdure inviting to the deer who have sought and found its wealth of grasses; with this background of dome shaped hills, along whose sides the vapors drag slowly upward in obedience to the increasing warmth; with this placid lake of molten silver, stirred with joyous life by the breeze that lifts the morning mists; with this boundary of forest trees and rich brown rocks to the left, and that emerald sward and towering forest monarchs to the right, you may be sure there is material enough for a telling tableau. And such unquestionably this picture is—a masterpiece of composition and of color; but after all rather a dream of fairy land than a translation of any combination of form and color or accident of time and place in Nature.

There is now on exhibition at Goupil's a picture of sea and sky and shore, by W. T. Richards, of Philadelphia, which is the most remarkable of several paintings of this character lately exhibited by this artist. Richards is known as

the most masterly representative of the Pre-Raphaelite school in landscape in this country. Whilst he has secured the admiration of all admirers of the school he has succeeded in the infinitely more difficult task of wresting praise from its bitterest antagonists. For some months back he has devoted himself exclusively to the study of the sea in all its moods, and study with him means conscientious and untiring labor. We have heard that it is not uncommon with him to sit by the sea-side alone, for several hours at a time, in the study simply of the wave forms under various degrees of motion—without canvas, color or sketch-book, but with an active brain in search of the subtle cause of things. This study and the result before us proves its inestimable value. This picture at Goupil's gives us a summer sea with a storm cloud passing over it. One half the sky and the sea beneath this portion are already free of it, save in the presence of a few laggard, vapory clouds that follow after, and through which the sun breaks in a flood of silver light. Against the distant gloom, in which the waters and the sky are merged, is a solitary sail just catching the first unbroken ray, and nearer us the sea-gulls swoop rejoicing. Our feet are upon the wet sand; the distant breakers leap and foam as if, resenting their broken rest, they would submerge the unoffending shore, but shaking their shaggy manes as they approach us they roll and tumble as in play, then fling themselves upon the strand embracing it. Verily here are the sentiments and the sterner truths of nature wedded as no modern painter has so wedded them. It is not color but light that fills one-half this canvas, and the rest is shade, not substance. That wrinkled distant sea has motion in its every line; we hear the breakers roar, we feel the cool damp sand beneath our feet. In W. T. Richards we recognize beyond cavil a true master in his art.

Other pictures of interest at Goupil's are a characteristic painting by Sontag, fine in composition, but hard and unnatural in its lines and color. DeHaas has a pleasing view of sea and beach with fishing boats and figures. Edward Gay is represented by a very attractive pastoral subject in which the color is very pleasing. A Meyer Von Bramen, worthy of notice, is the interior of an artist's studio in which a young girl, the artist's model, is seen contemplating her own figure on the canvas during the momentary absence of the artist.

Snedecor's Gallery is being remodeled and gives promise of being the pleasantest and most handsomely fitted art emporium in the city.

Mr. Schaus, the picture dealer, of Broadway, and Mr. Oehme, the



THE FLUSHED PARTRIDGE.

town, N. J., fishes in Adirondack streams, boats upon the lakes, and sketches daily so many hours. William has gone to Chicago, whence he goes to Lake Superior, of whose hitherto untranslated beauties he no doubt will tell us something. Albert Bierstadt is at his home at Irvington, where he has just finished a large painting, of which more hereafter. E. W. Perry is on a visit with Mr. Bierstadt as we write, but will soon be on his way to the quiet New England villages, where he can obtain the material for his interesting interiors and glimpses of character now disappearing rapidly. M. F. H. De Haas is off to the Massachusetts coast. Sanford R. Gifford and W. Whittredge are by this time, no doubt, on their way to Colorado. R. W. Hubbard has sought his favorite summering-place in the valley of the Connecticut River. Wyant is on his way to Rhode Island; Edward Gay is painting in the neighborhood of his home at Mount Vernon, and Henry is looking for old landmarks in Philadelphia, to give them to us with photographic truth, before they have disappeared in the changes going on even in the less progressive Quaker City. Such are the whereabouts of some of the industrious ones, not of all, by any means, for, to the credit of the craft be it spoken, the earnest working bees are many, the drones but few. Besides those of the industrious we have named and those we have not, who have left the city, there are the few who have been unable to get away owing to special duties, to perform which they are compelled to linger in their studios later in the season. Among these are Page, who has several unfinished commissions on hand, among them a portrait, full length, of Moses Hopkins, grandsire of the Hopkins of that name of California Railroad fame; W. H. Beard, who has not quite finished his large picture for the dining-room of Mr. Willis James, of Murray Hill; Le Clear, who is at work on his series of representative men of New York; C. C. Griswold, who is finishing a very pleasing picture entitled "The Last of the Ice," the reproduction of a subject painted by him some two or three years ago; Homer D. Martin, who is engaged at some large illustrations of Adirondack scenery for Appleton's Journal; Wm. Magrath, who is illustrating, and with infinite humor, a droll poem for Messrs. Scribner & Co.; and Julian Scott, who is at work on a cartoon—a design for a picture to be entitled "The Roll-Call after the Fight."

The Summer Exhibition of the National Academy of Design bitterly disappoints all true friends of the Institution. It is a failure, and that it

representative of Goupil & Co., both in Europe, write of the great difficulty they experience this year in obtaining meritorious works of the French and Belgian Schools. They write that they cannot compete with the English buyers; that the art-revival in England is unmistakable in character and that they are quietly shoved out of the market by collectors who purchase at any price. This news, however unwelcome to the importing houses here, cannot fail to be grateful to our own artists. We wish we could say that they will give us that which will shut out our regret in the absence of foreign works of merit but we cannot. In landscape we ask but little from either French or Belgian Schools, and from the German School still less; but in figure painting we are yet but students and low down in the class.

PRANG'S CHROMOS.—We have received two of the latest issues from this celebrated pioneer of American Chromo-Lithography—"Flowers of Hope" and "Flowers of Memory." The effect of the original painting is most exquisitely rendered, and we regard them as among the happiest of the many happy results of Mr. Prang's taste and discrimination. In his specialty he stands unrivaled in this country, and his pictures are steadily gaining a fast hold upon the popular heart. Few homes, where taste and refinement rule, can now be found where Prang is not represented, and no one who recalls the horrible daubs of color of a few years since—now banished forever—can fail to view the introducer of these pictures otherwise than as a public benefactor.

MUSIC.

THE most characteristic of all music among the Moravians is that of the trombone. The Moravian hymn is drawn out with wonderful expression on these pensive instruments. In Moravian villages every death is announced by a dirge on the trombone, mostly from the belfry of the Church.

THE talk in Germany is all about Richard Wagner's new opera, the "Meistersinger." One paper solemnly announces that, capital punishment having been abolished, no one will be required to hear it twice. Another declares it a wonderful work, words and music by one hand, as it were Goethe and Beethoven united in one: that is, it explains, as if Goethe had written the music, and Beethoven the words.

THE following story is undoubtedly a canard, for it has been told of Mlle Patti and of Santley. Mlle Nilsson, however, is the latest victim. One evening, after a performance and a supper at her hotel, she had retired to her bedroom, but had not long been there when four men, wearing masks, burst into the room. The frightened artist gave a scream, and hurriedly exclaimed, "I beseech you, gentlemen, be content with my diamonds, my bijoux, my ——" "Re-assure yourself, madam," interrupted one of the visitors; "the programme to-day announced that you would sing for the last time, and we have sworn that we will hear you sing once more." Mlle Nilsson then executed several *moreaux*, and her singular admirers, having thanked her, took their departure.

LITERATURE.

The English Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co., 1870.

These genial volumes of passing comment upon men and things bear throughout the impress of the genius from which they emanated,—not a genius fully awake, as we see it in Hawthorne's romances, but in a quiet, contemplative reverie, as it were, halfway between waking and sleeping. Not the least valuable part of these books is the perpetual comparison and contrast which runs through them between things English and things American. It is pleasant to see that this most refined of Americans—consequently most accessible to the artistic influences of Europe—never surrendered his native point of view, and was never false to his birthright. All is written in the faultless style wherewith we are of old familiar. The public will await with expectation the promised Italian note-books.

Fernande, Comédie par Victorien Sardou.

Although M. Sardou is indebted to Diderot for most of his material, he deserves credit for the effective manner in which he has treated it. "Fernande" is of the same order of pieces as "Froufrou"—that order which turns upon the vicissitudes and tragedies incident to married life. Such plays, if fairly well written, cannot fail to arrest public attention. A resemblance may be noticed between "Fernande" and Miss Phelps's "Hedged In."

The exceedingly appreciative articles of Justin McCarthy in the June and July numbers of the *Galaxy*, graphically setting forth the points of difference between the Americans and English, deserve the attention of all who are interested in this important comparison. We call the articles appreciative because they do something like justice at last to the American character, which has always been, and still continues to be, a stumbling-block for Europeans. We have been fulsomely praised and unsparingly abused, but scarcely ever intelligently criticised.

We do not intend to enter here into a criticism upon this criticism, although the above-mentioned comparison between the two nations has always been a favorite one with us. Suffice it to say that, on the whole, these essays are decidedly the best utterances on the subject we have ever had the good fortune to meet with from any native of the British Isles.

We remark with pleasure that the *Atlantic Monthly* has, in its July number, taken a step in advance by appending the authors' names to their articles in the monthly table of contents—instead of waiting until the end of the volume to do so. This is a reform which is perhaps not so slight as it seems, being peculiarly demanded by the growing spirit of individuality which is a marked characteristic of our age. It is better for the writer, better for the public; and we should think it must be better for the magazine.

A NEW GENERAL DICTIONARY OF ARTISTS (Neues allgemeines Künstler-Lexicon) is at present in course of preparation in Leipzig, Germany, where it will be published by the well-known firm of Wm. Engelmann. The chief editorship has been confided to Dr. Julius Meyer, of Munich. It will be of a strictly scientific character, of considerable magnitude, and of great value. It is to consist of about fifteen large octavo volumes, and the best writers upon art and its history in all countries have agreed to contribute the results of their researches, thus making it a truly international work.

At the same time it will be the first work of its kind in which a due share of attention will be paid to American Art, and it is the desire of S. R. Koehler, 30 Dudley Street, Boston, Mass., who has undertaken to furnish notices of American Artists, to make this department as complete and as correct as possible. He is, therefore, under the necessity of addressing himself to all lovers of the arts for their support in his labors, and any assistance which may be rendered him will be gratefully received and duly acknowledged.

The Dictionary is to embrace artists of all kinds—architects, sculptors, painters, engravers, lithographers, etc., etc. Especial stress is to be laid upon complete lists of the works of prominent artists, and of the reproductions of their works, either by engraving or otherwise, and of any etchings, lithographs, etc., which they may have executed themselves. Collectors of works of art, whether of painting, sculpture or engraving, also publishers of engravings, etc., will, therefore, confer a great favor by furnishing him catalogues of their collections.

Stolen Sweets.

MOTTO for the reprieved.—"No noose is good news."

How to prevent a conspiracy from leaking out.—Let the plot thicken.

A LACONIC conversation: "What ails your eye, Joe?" "I told a man he lied."

WHAT costume ought to remind a lady of her washerwoman?—Her lawn dress.

"If we can't hear, it ain't from the lack of ears," as the ass said to the corn-field.

IN the game of love men used to win women by playing hearts; now those playing diamonds are successful.

A WESTERN paper thinks that women would not make good statesmen. "The question of the age" always troubles them.

A WESTERN paper describes a letter of Horace Greeley's as looking "as if somebody had smashed a bottle of ink on it and tried to wipe it off with a curry-comb."

A COUNTRY paper tantalizes its readers with this atrocity:—"Have you heard of the man who got shot?"—"Got shot?" No; how did he get shot?"—"He bought 'em."

A WEALTHY bishop congratulated a poor priest on the good air which he breathed in his parish, to which the latter replied: "Yes, my lord, the air would be good enough if I could live upon it."

ONE of Disraeli's admirers, in speaking of him to John Bright, said, "You ought to give him credit for what he has accomplished, as he is a self-made man." "I know it," retorted Mr. Bright, and "he adores his maker."

BEAU AND BOW.—A young lady was alighting from an omnibus, when a ribbon fell from her bonnet. "You have left your bow behind," remarked a lady passenger. "No I haven't; he's gone a-fishing," innocently exclaimed the damsel.

FAIR PLAY.—An Irishman who was engaged to cut ice from a pond, when handed a cross-cut saw to commence operations with, pulled out a penny, and turning to his comrade, exclaimed, "Now, Pat, fair play: head or tail, who goes below?"

WHAT HE LEARNED.—A little boy, in the infant class of a Sunday school "out West," was asked by his teacher if he had learned anything during the past week. "Oh yes," said he. "What have you learned?"—"Never to trump your partner's trick," was the reply.

JAMES the fiscal Prince of Erie, on his way to Long Branch, stopped at the establishment of Knox the Emperor of all the Hatters, and thus the kings conversed. "King Charles, hast thou a hat for Prince James?" "Always," boldly answered King Charles. One of those aesthetically comfortable tiles went on the head of James, and with smiling face he sung sweetly

"May Knox never go where the woodbine twineth."

The Emperor Knox has a hat that will fit and suit you. Go for it!



GIBSON'S PATENT TILTING STAND FOR ICE PITCHERS.

REED & BARTON are the sole manufacturers of this Stand, which enables the person using to pour water from the Pitcher without being compelled to lift it, and which is so constructed that the base forms a tray, or salver, for holding the goblet and for catching the water that may condense and drip from outside of Pitcher.

This Tilting Stand (differing in this respect from all others), does not require the Pitcher to be made expressly for it, and is consequently adapted for any Pitcher now in use. With the Seamless Lined Pitcher, it forms a complete and very ornamental Water Set.

REED & BARTON also manufacture every description of Electro-Plated Table Ware of the finest quality, for which they have received the HIGHEST PRIZES at the last two exhibitions of the American Institute Fair in New York, and at many other prominent Fairs during the past thirty years. Their factories were established at Taunton, Mass., in 1834, and their Salesroom in this City is at No. 2 Maiden Lane.

Carbolic Salve.

The important discovery of the CARBOLIC ACID as a CLEANSING, PURIFYING, and HEALING Agent is one of the most remarkable results of modern medical research. During the late civil war it was extensively used in the Hospitals, and was found to be not only a thorough disinfectant, but also the most wonderful and speedy HEALING REMEDY ever known.

It is now presented in a scientific combination with other soothing and healing agencies, in the form of a SALVE; and, having been already used in numberless cases with most satisfactory and beneficial results, we have no hesitation in offering it to the public as the most certain, rapid and effectual remedy for all Sores and Ulcers, no matter of how long standing, for Burns, Cuts, Wounds, and every ABRASION of SKIN or FLESH, and for Skin Diseases generally.

Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 cents.

John F. Henry, Sole Prop'r.
No. 8 COLLEGE PLACE, New York.

PRANG'S AMERICAN CHROMOS.

We shall publish, in time for the centennial of the maestro, a Chromo

PORTRAIT OF BEETHOVEN,

After the celebrated original by Schlimmer, in the Royal Library at Berlin.

Life size, 18 by 24 in., unframed, \$30.00. Cabinet size, 11 by 14, \$5.00. For prices, framed, as well as further particulars, send for circular. These Chromos will be sold by Subscription only. Subscriptions may be sent in through any Art or Music Store, or direct to

L. PRANG & CO., Art Publishers, Boston, Mass.

Send for "PRANG'S CHROMO JOURNAL," containing a descriptive and illustrated list of our publications. Mailed free to any address on receipt of postage stamp.

Brown, Brothers & Co.,

59 WALL STREET, N. Y.

BILLS OF EXCHANGE on Great Britain and Ireland.

COMMERCIAL AND TRAVELING CREDITS issued, available in any part of the world.

TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS OF MONEY made to and from London and Liverpool.

ADVANCES made on Cotton and other Produce.

OVER \$4,000,000.00

Were paid for taxes to U. S. Government during four years by the House of Lorillard. This amount is not exceeded by any Tobacco House in the world.

Their Century Chewing Tobacco is now made of choice, sweet, re-dried, and sun-cured leaf of the best attainable varieties. LORILLARD'S Yacht Club Smoking is made of Oronoko, or Hyco Leaf, of N. C. and Va., esteemed among judges as the finest tobacco for the purpose ever found, and prepared by an original and patented process, whereby the bitter and acid properties, as well as the nicotine is extracted, rendering it mild and harmless to nervous constitutions; it has a delightful aroma, leaves no disagreeable taste, and will not burn the tongue if a good pipe is used.

The Eureka Smoking is also a favorite Brand, being made of choice Virginia and always burns free and smooth; has an agreeable flavor, but is of heavier body than the Yacht Club, and cheaper in price; by mixing these two together an article of any desired strength may be obtained.

As an evidence of the popularity of Lorillard's Smoking, we would say over 10,000,000 packages were sold during 1869, and still the demand increases.

STERLING SILVER WARE,

FINE JEWELRY,

Clocks, Bronzes, Opera Glasses and Parian Ware.

SCHUYLER, HARTLEY & GRAHAM,

19 Maiden Lane & 22 John Street,
NEW YORK.

A. RUMRILL & Co.,

Corner Chambers Street, No. 275 Broadway,

A NEW AND SELECTED STOCK OF
DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE,

At greatly reduced prices. Particular attention to orders.
GEO. D. STEVENS. GEO. B. JAKES.

JOHN C. BRUEN,

WOOD ENGRAVER,

20 Liberty St., New York.

Farmer, Little & Co.,

TYPE FOUNDERS,

Beekman Street, cor. Gold,
NEW YORK.

PRESSES AND PRINTERS' FURNITURE

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

The Type used in THE ALDINE PRESS is furnished by this Foundry.

ATLANTIC

Mutual Insurance Company.

ORGANIZED IN 1842.

OFFICE:

51 WALL STREET, COR. WILLIAM,
NEW YORK.

Insures against Marine and Inland Navigation Risks.

This Company is PURELY MUTUAL. The whole PROFIT reverts to the ASSURED, and is divided ANNUALLY, upon the Premiums terminated during the year, for which Certificates are issued bearing interest until redeemed.

In January, 1870, the Assets Accumulated from its Business were as follows, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank and other Stocks, -	\$7,886,290
Loans secured by Stocks and otherwise, - - - - -	3,148,400
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable, Real Estate, Bond and Mortgages and other Securities, - - - - -	2,931,021
Cash in Bank, - - - - -	538,797
	\$14,464,508

J. D. JONES, Pres.

CHARLES DENNIS, Vice-Pres.

W. H. H. MOORE, 2d Vice-Pres.

J. D. HEWLETT, 3d Vice-Pres.

J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

PROCRASTINATION.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
 Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
 If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
 That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
 Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
 The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
 For ever on the brink of being born;
 All pay themselves the compliment to think
 They one day shall not drive, and their pride
 On this recession takes up ready praise;
 At least their own; their future selves applaud;
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
 Time lodged in their own hands is folly's veil,
 Time lodged in Fate's to wisdom they consign;
 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
 'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
 And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
 All promise is poor dilatory man,
 And that through every stage, when young, indeed,
 In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
 Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
 As dutious sons, our fathers were more wise.
 At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
 At fifty chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
 In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.
 And why? because he thinks himself immortal.
 All men think all men mortal but themselves;
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate,
 Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
 Soon close; when past the shaft no trace is found.
 As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
 So dies in human hearts, the thought of death;
 E'en with the tender tear which nature sheds
 O'er those we love, drop it in their grave.

—Young.

INSURANCE AN OBLIGATION.

In spite of the fact that Life Insurance has attained such a marvelous growth in this country, and that its literature has been the subject of much study and wide dissemination, there is still great ignorance prevailing among the masses, if not among our more thoughtful men of business, as to the principles and the scope of this institution. A few plain facts, and one or two suggestions in relation to this subject, are all that our space permits.

The records of the Probate Courts and the statistics of Bankruptcy, compiled during the past few years, confirm the statement that out of every hundred persons who commence business in the cities of this country, ninety-five die poor men. Bankruptcy, then, being almost as certain as death itself, is it not well that we use all the means in our power to prevent the consequences to the family and to the State which must and do result when the head of a household dies? The loss of a productive human life is an irreparable one, and it is now generally admitted that no method has yet been devised which compensates for this loss so securely and instantly as Life Insurance. Economy, prudence, and industry often furnish such provision, but these cannot guard in any way against the hazards of sudden death.

The fact above mentioned would seem to be an overwhelming argument in favor of the system; but it is no less true that, while there is an amount of insurance in this country not less than fifteen hundred millions of dollars, hardly one in eight of the lives which are insurable are covered. The number of persons directly or indirectly interested in the distribution of the above amount cannot be estimated.

The man who will carefully consider this subject, will be compelled to admit that the chances of living and dying have been tested by the best scientific and mathematical minds of the nation, and by this means Life Insurance has been reduced to such a nicety that no sane man will doubt its security or stability. The question of the desirability of the system for the individual is the only one in which there can any doubt arise. This must be solved, and the sooner the better. It appears in this form: "Is it for the pecuniary advantage of any man in good health, with a fair probability of life, to incur the attendant risk himself, or to pay the ascertained cost to a responsible Company, on condition that they will carry it for him?" If he elects to carry the risk himself, and does not die within the limit of his expectation, he has saved a small sum of money; but, if death occurs, and his life is not insured, the chances are ninety-five to a hundred that his family will be left in want. There is hardly a man living in any community but can see some of the beneficent results of Life Insurance, but can he ascertain that any person has suffered any inconvenience in the amount paid for premiums?

It is not too much to predict, in the language of an official report, that "The mature and enlightened conviction of the public will surely require, that any man with whose life Providence and the order of nature have wrapped up the lives and well-being of others, should be deemed guilty of inexcusable selfishness and criminal improvidence, if he fails to invoke for their protection the security which this system offers." And, in the words of the same report, "It only needs that the merits and beneficent working of the system should be more fully understood and appreciated, in order that life, the most valuable gift of the Creator to man and his dependents, should be secured against the hazards of untimely death, as universally as the prudent insure their material possessions against the peril of destruction by the elements."

LIFE INSURANCE
 AND
 ACCIDENT INSURANCE

BY THE

TRAVELERS'



Insurance Company

OF

HARTFORD, CONN.

Cash Assets, - \$1,351,007.06

Life and Endowment Policies in this Company combine Ample Security and Cheapness of Cost, under a Definite Contract.

Its Low Cash Rates are equivalent to a "dividend" in advance. All Policies Non-Forfeitable. The only Accident Insurance Company issuing Yearly Policies. Has paid to Policy-holders \$1,200,000 for Death or Injury by Accident.

JAS. G. BATTERSON, President.
GEO. B. LESTER, ActuaryRODNEY DENNIS, Secretary.
CHAS. E. WILSON, Asst. Secretary.

New York City Office, 207 Broadway.

Hartford, April, 1870.

R. M. JOHNSON, Manager.

Manhattan
 LIFE INSURANCE CO.
 OF NEW YORK.

Office 156 and 158 Broadway.

ORGANIZED A. D. 1850.

Assets, - - - - \$7 500,000

Annual Income, - - - - 2,500,000

Dividends are made on a contribution plan, and are paid annually, commencing on the payment of the second annual premium.

HENRY STOKES, President.

J. L. HALSEY, Secretary.

C. Y. WEMPLE, Vice-President.

H. Y. WEMPLE, Asst. Secretary.

S. N. STEBBINS, Actuary.

Agents Wanted.

NEW YORK



Life Insurance Co.

346 & 348 BROADWAY.

ORGANIZED MAY, 1845.

Assets, over - - \$13,000,000.

ANNUAL INCOME over \$6,000,000. NON-FORFEITURE PLAN originated by this Company. ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE. PURELY MUTUAL—Policy-Holders receiving all the Profits. Dividends paid annually, available in settlement of second and all subsequent Annual Premiums. Cash Dividends paid Policy-Holders in 1869, more than one and a half million dollars.

New Policies issued in 1868, 9,105, Insuring \$30,765,947.
 " " " 1869, 10,717, " 34,446,303.

The following Tables concisely exhibit the progress of the Company during the past six years.

	Received for Premiums, &c.	Accumulation of assets during the year.	Cash Dividends actually paid.
1864, - - - -	\$1,720,810.	\$1,035,412.	\$903,555.
1865, - - - -	2,345,818.	1,277,870.	200,394.
1866, - - - -	3,088,504.	1,900,643.	282,294.
1867, - - - -	3,591,390.	2,150,603.	331,969.
1868, - - - -	4,678,380.	1,841,060.	1,225,865.
1869, - - - -	5,974,797.	2,327,102.	1,535,399.
	21,408,599.	10,622,258.	3,769,386.

During the six years \$3,345,346 have been disbursed for losses, \$3,769,386 have been returned to policy-holders in dividends, and yet the Assets exhibit an increase during that period of over ten and a half million dollars.

MORRIS FRANKLIN, President.

WM. H. BEERS, Vice-Pres't and Act'y.

THEODORE M. BANTA, Cashier.

Knickerbocker
 LIFE INSURANCE Co.



PRINCIPAL OFFICE:

No. 161 BROADWAY.

Assets, May, 1870, - - \$7,550,000.00.

Annual Income for 1869, \$5,041,000.00.

TOTAL AMOUNT INSURED,
 OVER \$70,000,000.00.

New Policies issued in 1869, 9,040.

Dividends Declared and Paid Annually.

ERASTUS LYMAN, President.

GEO. T. SNIFFEN, Secy.

E. W. DERBY, M. D., Cons'g Physician.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
Life Insurance
COMPANY,
 OF
BOSTON.

GEO. P. SANGER, GEO. B. AGER,
President. *Vice-Pres't.*

Offers Unequaled Advantages and Courts Investigation.

BRANCH OFFICE:

No. 155 BROADWAY, N. Y.

W. S. MANNING, Manager.

THE MUTUAL
Life Insurance
COMPANY
 OF
NEW YORK.

No. 144 and 146 Broadway.

F. S. WINSTON, President.

Cash Assets, - - \$40,000,000.

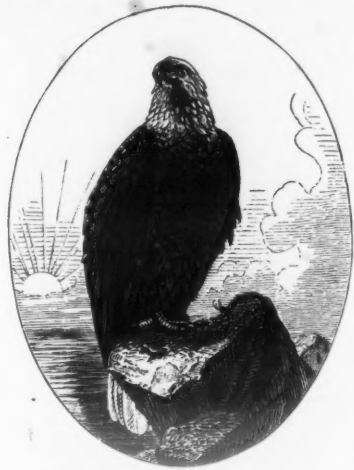
Invested in Loans on Bond and Mortgage, or United States Stocks.

Issues every approved description of Life and Endowment Policies on selected lives at MODERATE RATES, returning all surplus annually to the Policy-holders, to be used either in payment of premiums, or to purchase additional insurance at the option of the assured.

OFFICERS:

RICHARD A. McCURDY, Vice-President.
 JOHN M. STUART, Secretary.
 F. SCHROEDER, Ass't Sec'y.
 SHEPPARD HOMANS, Actuary.
 LEWIS C. LAWTON, Ass't Actuary.

EMPIRE MUTUAL



Life Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK,
No. 139 BROADWAY.

ORGANIZED APRIL 3, 1869.

Success the Criterion of Excellence.

The EMPIRE MUTUAL has achieved a success almost unprecedented in the history of Life Insurance.

No. Policies Issued, - 3,349 Premiums, - \$369,047.23
 Covering in Risks, \$7,813,850.00 Assets, over - 350,000.00

OFFICERS:

G. HILTON SCRIBNER, LEMUEL H. WATERS,
President. *Actuary.*
 GEORGE W. SMITH, THOS. K. MARCY, M.D.,
Secretary. *Medical Examiner.*
 SIDNEY W. CROFUT, EVERETT CLAPP,
Vice-President. *Supt. of Agencies.*

COMMONWEALTH
LIFE INSURANCE
COMPANY,
No. 178 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

OFFICERS:

J. B. PEARSON, *President.*
 JOHN PIERPONT, *Vice-President.*
 F. E. MORSE, *Secretary.*
 A. HUNTINGTON, M.D., *Medical Examiner.*

All Policies issued by the Commonwealth are incontestable from date of issue, and are free from restrictions on travel.

It permits Residence anywhere without extra charge, except between Latitude 32 North, and the Tropic of Capricorn.

All Policies are non-forfeitable and participate in the profits of the Company unless otherwise specified.

Thirty days' grace allowed on each payment, and the Policy held good during that time.

Dividends are declared annually upon all Policies that have been in force a full year, and are available on payment of the next annual premium.

DIRECTORS:

JOHN L. BROWNELL, Banker, 28 Broad Street.
 WALTER R. BLAKE, Brooklyn, New York.
 CHAS. F. DAVENPORT, Lockwood and Davenport, Bankers.
 FRANCIS E. MORSE, New Jersey.
 J. PIERPONT MORGAN, Dabney, Morgan & Co., Bankers.
 JAMES B. PEARSON, President.
 JULIUS R. POMEROY, Chambers and Pomeroy, Attorneys.
 JOHN PIERPONT, Vice-President.
 SETH E. THOMAS, American Clock Company.
 ARCHIBALD TURNER, Turner Bros., Bankers.

Continental
LIFE INSURANCE CO.
 OF NEW YORK.



OFFICES:

26 NASSAU STREET, cor. Cedar.

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT: - - - JUSTUS LAWRENCE.
 VICE-PRESIDENT: - - - M. B. WYNKOOP.
 SECRETARY: - - - J. P. ROGERS.
 ACTUARY: - - - S. C. CHANDLER, Jr.
 MEDICAL EXAMINER: - - - E. HERRICK, M. D.

DIRECTORS.

JAMES B. COLGATE, of Trevor & Colgate, Bankers.
 CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, (Late Secretary of State).
 JUSTUS LAWRENCE, President.
 JOSEPH T. SANGER, Merchant, 45 Liberty Street.
 Rev. HENRY C. FISH, D. D., Newark, New Jersey.
 RICHARD W. BOGART, of O. M. Bogart & Co., Bankers.
 LUTHER W. FROST, New York.

Number of Policies issued in 1869, - - - 8,778.
 Total " " to Dec. 1, 1869, - 20,375.
 Increase of 1869 over 1868, Policies, - - - 2,772.
 Assets Dec. 31, 1869, - - - \$3,500,102 00.

GUARDIAN
MUTUAL
Life Insurance Company,
No. 251 BROADWAY,
New York.

ASSETS, - - - - \$2,000,000.

All Approved Forms of Insurance Issued.

ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE
 BY THEIR TERMS.

Liberal Modes for the Payment of Premiums.

ANNUAL DIVIDENDS.

The Entire Profits of the Company will be divided equitably among the Insured.

W. H. PECKHAM, President.

WM. T. HOOKER, Vice-President.

L. McADAM, Secretary.

INSURANCE ITEMS.

THE new office of the HANOVER FIRE, at the corner of Cedar Street and Broadway, is central, commodious and comfortable, and the weather of these dog days has little effect on the workers of this Company. There are, in all, about eleven hundred agencies in the United States for the HANOVER.

OUR readers will notice the transposition of names of officers in the COMMONWEALTH—Mr. Pearson becoming President and Mr. Pierpont Vice-President. The reason for this change is the ill-health of the latter. In a quiet way this new Company is pushing its business, and will show good figures before the end of 1870.

JUST as the FORTUNA, branch of the NEW YORK LIFE, is making such rapid progress, the EMPIRE LIFE inaugurates a similar plan by which poor men, in classes, may make weekly or monthly payments and secure Life Insurance as cheaply and as easily as possible. The plan as presented by the EMPIRE, has several new and desirable features, which are worthy of attention.

WE recently referred to a contract made by Mr. Gahagan before he was Secretary of the WORLD. In this we were in error, for the particular contract under which Mr. Fudikar sued to recover, was made after Mr. Gahagan had left the GUARDIAN. We are always willing to correct mistakes, even when they are not of moment, if any one thinks we have done him injustice.

THE PEABODY LIFE has a new President—William K. Thorn, a son-in-law of Commodore Vanderbilt, having accepted the position recently. He is spoken of, by those who know him, as a man well qualified for his place. There are connected with this new Company several men who know something about insurance, practically, and they will soon show what hard work has done for this new Life Company.

ERASTUS LYMAN, Esq., President of the KNICKERBOCKER LIFE, has just returned from a trip among the numerous agencies of his Company in the South and West. He thinks that if our New York Companies were allowed to invest their funds where they are received, a better rate of interest would be the result, and more business would be done. The present law, certainly, is more for the advantage of Companies of other States.

AND NOW the SECURITY FIRE, not content with its present quarters, is constructing a new building at the corner of Broadway and Park Place, which they hope to occupy on the first of February. The new building is in the neighborhood of the New Post Office, and in one of the best locations in the city for its business. We presume the Company will get its own office rent free and make a good rate of interest on its investment, which, surely, is all that the Stockholders can ask.

WE promised our readers a picture of the "Gettysburg Monument," designed by Mr. Patterson the well-known President of the TRAVELERS' and RAILWAY PASSENGERS, but that was in those days when the *Travelers' Record* did not enter the list as an illustrated journal. The picture is on the first page of the current number of that bright little paper, we presume all our readers see it; if not, they don't know what they lose. Other illustrations, of different character, will shortly appear in the *Record*.

THE New York Agent of the NEW JERSEY MUTUAL LIFE has put into successful operation a plan, by which temperate men are insured in his Company at a reduced rate of premium, equal to ten per cent. the first year, and five per cent. each subsequent year. Nearly all the editors of the temperance and insurance papers are insured under this plan, and when the editor is not strictly temperate, he has no difficulty in finding some one connected with his paper who is sufficiently so for all practical purposes. Seriously, however, it is well-known that temperate men live longer than intemperate ones, and any company which turns this fact to commercial account is shrewd and wise whatever may be the opinions chronicled in Chicago.

LIFE Insurance Companies and agents very often parade motives of benevolence while urging what, on their part, is a strictly business transaction. If the case of Mrs. Paterson, of Savannah, is not exceptional, THE EQUITABLE LIFE assumes to be a conservator of public morals in the payment of its liabilities. "New features and advantages" have been pretty well used up, but THE EQUITABLE is certainly entitled to all the credit of a refinement of Assurance, entirely novel, and should it come into general use, "Wives' Policies" may be made available for purposes very different from those originally contemplated. We are of opinion that it would influence greatly the "new business" of a Society which should advertise a plan by which husbands, too confiding or too weak to investigate closely the behavior of their wives, need only to present the widow, that is to be, with a Life Policy, to be assured of posthumous publicity and a thorough defamation of the character of the beneficiary.

ECONOMICAL MUTUAL Life Insurance Company, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The only Life Insurance Company of Rhode Island. Premiums Non-Forfeitable from the First Payment. Officers of the Army and Navy Insured without Extra Charge. Policies Issued on the Lives of Females at Table Rates.

Office for Eastern New York,
No. 157 Broadway, New York City.

W. T. OKIE, General Agent.
SIMON S. BUCKLIN, Pres't, C. G. McKNIGHT, Vice-Pres't.
WM. Y. POTTER, Secretary.

PEABODY Life Insurance Company, 317 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

WM. K. THORN, President.
HENRY H. HADLEY, Vice-Pres't and Actuary.
CHARLES MOORHEAD, Secretary.

This Company has the most popular and easy working features of the day, among which are the following:—

Thirty Days' Grace in the Payment of Premiums.
No Restrictions on Travel.—No Permit Required.
No Extra Rates on the Lives of Females.
No Extra Rates Charged on any Policy Issued.

Cash Rates Thirty-three per cent. lower than the ordinary rates charged by other Companies.
Each Policy has an absolute, definite Cash Surrender Value endorsed in figures on the Policy, making it a Bill of Exchange for the amount endorsed upon it.

No Agents need apply for positions with salaries or guarantees who will not first evidence their ability by procuring a certain number of applications.
Active agents and parties desiring Insurance are requested to send for the Prospectus of the Company.

HANOVER FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,



120 BROADWAY, COR. CEDAR ST.
Agencies in all the principal Towns in the United States.

NEW YORK AGENCY
OF THE
Aetna Insurance Co.
OF HARTFORD,
No. 62 WALL STREET,
J. A. ALEXANDER, Agent.
Incorporated 1819.
Assets, \$5,052,880.12. | Liabilities, \$499,803.55.
Capital, \$3,000,000

NIAGARA
Fire Insurance Company,
Cash Capital, \$1,000,000.
Office, 12 WALL STREET.
JON. D. STEELE, Pres't. P. NOTMAN, Vice-Pres't. H. KIP, Secretary.

BUILDING IN PROCESS OF ERECTION BY THE
SECURITY



Fire and Marine Insurance Company,
On the North-west corner of Broadway and Park Place.
Cash Capital, - - - \$1,000,000.
Policies Issued at the Lowest Adequate Rates.
A. F. HASTINGS, President. W. B. BUCKHOUT, Vice-President.
NATHAN HARPER, Secretary.
Agencies in the principal Cities and Villages of the United States.

NORTH AMERICAN
Fire Insurance Company.
OFFICE:
192 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
INCORPORATED A. D. 1823.
Cash Capital, - - - \$500,000.
F. H. CARTER, Secretary. R. W. BLEECKER, President.
J. GRISWOLD, General Agent. W. BLACKSTONE, Vice-Pres't.

Arctic
Insurance Company
OF NEW YORK.
Cash Capital, - - - \$250,000.00.
No. 112 BROADWAY.
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LADIES' DRESS TRUNKS, for American and European Travel, Ladies' and Gents' Morocco Satchels, Flasks, Money Belts, wholesale and retail.
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Mills: 2, 4, 6, 8 & 10 Rutgers Place,
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FOR GENERAL HOUSEHOLD PURPOSES
IS BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN SOAP.
Cleans windows, scouring knives and table ware, removes stains and rust, and is the very best thing ever used for general house cleaning. For sale by all good Grocery and Drug Stores.
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Assets, Jan. 1st, 1870, - - - \$27,566,479.26
Total Death-Claims paid to date, - \$9,671,875.26
Total Amount of Insurance Outstanding, over - - - \$177,000,000.00
Dividend payable to its members in 1870, - - - - - \$2,300,000.00

This Company is characterized by great economy in management; careful selection of lives; and by highly profitable results from its investments; and it grants all desirable forms of Life Insurance upon strictly equitable terms, and at the cheapest attainable rates of cost.

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Agents Wanted.—Apply as Above.

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Assets, - - - - - \$6,500,000.

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Nearly all RESTRICTIONS on BUSINESS and TRAVEL REMOVED.

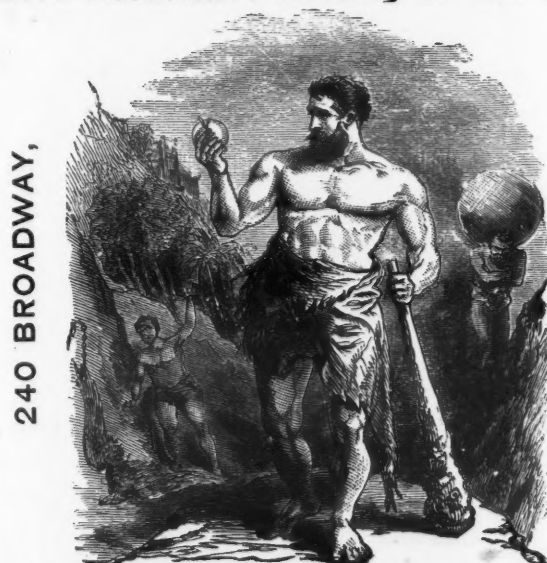
Dividends have uniformly been fifty per cent. on the full amount of Premium paid.
Dividends may be applied to increase the Insurance, or to reduce the premium as the applicant may elect.

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ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE BY THEIR TERMS.
THIRTY DAYS' GRACE in the payment of renewal Premiums given in the Policies.
PREMIUMS lower than the average, and the same as have just been jointly adopted by several Standard Companies, viz.: the "Mutual," "Equitable," "Washington," &c.
LOANS on Policies made after two Annual Premiums have been paid.
DIVIDENDS on the contribution plan, by which each Policy-holder receives a share of the Surplus in the same proportion he has contributed to it.
NOVEL FORMS OF INSURANCE.

A Tontine Department.

The only one in the United States.

TONTINES provide for Old Age just as Life Insurance does for early death. They are much patronized in Europe, where about Fifty Millions of dollars are invested in them.
The depositors form a family, so to speak, the survivors of which share, in equitable proportions, the inheritance derived from the accumulated deposits of those that die.

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Cash Assets, over - - - \$2,000,000
Cash Income, over - - - \$1,000,000

Cash Dividends annually, from date of Policies. Policies kept in force by Non-Forfeitable Dividends.

The WASHINGTON holds over \$137 for each \$100 of Liabilities, having the largest excess of Cash Surplus of any permanently established Life Insurance Company in America, thereby giving the utmost possible security to the Policy-holder.

SECURITY Life Insurance and Annuity Co. 31 & 33 Pine Street, New York.

ASSETS, - - - - - \$2,400,000.
Income, - - - - - \$1,400,000.

SUCCESSFUL PROGRESS OF THE COMPANY.

New Policies.	No. of Policies issued each year.	Gross Receipts.	Amount Insured by New Policies.	Total Gross Assets.
Year 1862,	211	23,423	489,000	122,857
" 1863,	888	80,538	1,939,550	160,002
" 1864,	1,403	149,411	2,819,743	249,831
" 1865,	2,134	323,827	4,841,280	425,027
" 1866,	3,325	603,651	7,526,509	753,398
" 1867,	4,094	880,000	9,070,805	1,286,390
" 1868,	4,386	1,055,000	11,561,000	1,854,570
" 1869,	6,358	1,408,525	17,062,590	2,377,652

No RESTRICTIONS on TRAVEL.
ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE after three Annual cash payments.
Every description of Policy issued on the most favorable terms.

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"Economy, security, skillful direction, and prudent liberality."
"Issues all the forms of Life, Joint Life, and Endowment Policies."
"Premiums payable in Cash, no notes being received in payment of Premiums."
"Dividends on the Contribution Plan, and payable annually—the number of the Dividends equaling the number of payments."
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New York Office: 183 Broadway.
N. S. PALMER, Gen'l Agent.

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Every part of the Piano is made in this one building, under our own special vigilance. We are now finishing 45 Pianos per week, employing 400 of the most skillful workmen in the country. We have now perfected arrangements, by the occupancy of our entire building, to finish 60 Pianos per week, for which, by the general increase of our orders throughout this and foreign countries, we anticipate a ready sale.

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An indispensable household helper—Sharpens all SHARPERS and SCISSORS as well as TABLE CUTLERY. So simple any one can use it. Never out of Repair. Makes a perfectly sharp, even edge. Does not wear the blade. Lasts a life-time. Simple, effective, convenient and durable. Sold by Hardware and House-furnishing Stores. Price, \$1.00. Send for sample or illustrated Circular.

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Mutual Life Insurance Co.
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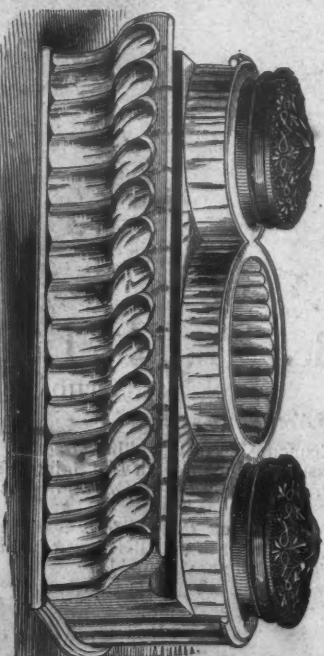
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Cures Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nervous and Sick Headache, Gout, and Gravel. For Sale by Druggists generally. **W. H. RUSSELL, Agent.**
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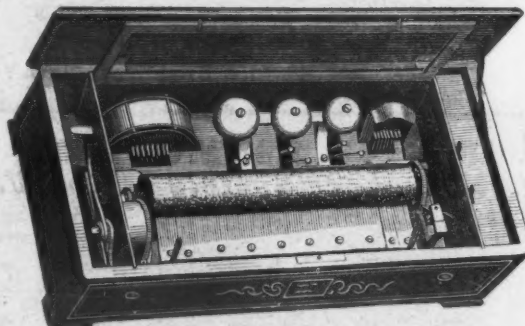
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\$25,000 Brown Stone House, or \$18,000 in Gold,
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 Second Prize..... 1,000
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 8 Prizes \$50 each..... 400
 30 " 20 "..... 600
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2500 Prizes.
 Being one prize to twenty chances independent of the first grand prize, in which all have an equal chance. Circular of full particulars sent when desired.

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